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SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

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SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

VOLUME XIX

JUNE, 1934

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SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

VOLUME XIX

NUMBER III



JUNE, 1934



AFOOT WITH THE SIERRA CLUB IN 1933

BY ETHEL BOULWARE



I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass.

—HOVEY.

WITH such a song in his heart, the ardent Sierra Club member reckons his time, not after the fashion of the ordinary man, but by a calendar peculiarly his own, dating his months and his days from the annual summer pilgrimage into the High Sierra. Before the outing, he counts the hours in happy anticipation, while after it he joyfully relives his experiences, enthusiastically relating to his amazed and often incredulous friends the miles he walked, the peaks he mastered, and the dangers he barely escaped!

Early in the spring, faint thoughts of preparation are in his mind; but time hurries by, and in the midst of pressing work the day is suddenly upon him when he must throw together his errors of judgment—the too-heavy mattress, the cheap new shoes that break through within a week—and off he goes into the mountains for one perfect, irresponsible month. Resolutely shutting his mind to past worries, refusing to look at trouble looming up in the future, he lives

utterly in the present, letting each hour bring its own pleasures and rewards. Thus his happiness for the month is assured and little can disturb his peace of mind.

Late in the afternoon of July 8, 1933, cars were rolling into Bishop. There precious articles forgotten in the hurry of leaving were purchased, and radiators were filled to overflowing in anticipation of the stiff grade to North Lake. The cars climbed protestingly as the road wound up and up toward the mountains. Just as the last glow was fading from the peaks across Owens Valley and the lights of the power plants were beginning to twinkle, down the road tore a small car. Curious, the Sierrans peered out, only to give a shout of surprise and welcome. Tap and Steve, anxious over late arrivals, had come hunting for stray members who might need assistance. Receiving the cordial assurance that camp was around the next corner, the Sierrans soon scented the smoke from the fire, and, driving into the aspen-bordered clearing, found commissary well established, with a small group huddled around the camp-fire. Utterly tired from the long day of travel, they tumbled out into the darkness, to be greeted hilariously and vociferously by old friends. Talking busily, they quickly secured the tin cups and precious spoons, and in no time were ravenously expressing approval of Commissary's first culinary efforts.

It did not take long to find a "home" among the aspens, to unroll the dunnage, and to crawl in for a good night's rest — "Breakfast from six to seven-thirty" were Tap's last comforting words. Aroused during the night by the sound of bells, the rush of stamping feet, and the peculiar cry of the "Night Hawk," the old-timers smiled at the familiar situation. Of course, the mules had to break through the women's camp—they always did! It was expected as the proper procedure for starting the trip off correctly! Then a long look at the sky so close overhead, a snuggling down in the blankets, and once more the camp was asleep, to be awakened hours later by the squawking of a noisy nestful of young birds overhead.

With the smallest number the club has seen for many summers—102 members the first two weeks, and about 80 the second—with a correspondingly small pack-train of eight strings, the outing this year proved unusual in many respects. Quickly fused into a unit, the group functioned contentedly, like a huge family out for a holiday. Even the freshmen, gathering logs for the camp-fire or digging

onions for commissary, became immediately an integral part of the outing, no mean achievement. As only nine moves were made in the month, calls for early rising were few and far between. Life thus became a restful affair, approaching, rather closely at times, the state of complete laziness. It was pleasant to find time to chat, to plan an exploring trip, or to arrange a fish-fry, without the constant pressure of hurry, prevalent on some former outings. Breakfast became a continuous performance, and lunch in camp was the rule, if one preferred that dubious pleasure! Dinner was easily served and quickly over, to the chagrin of lingering hikers accustomed to the old régime. On a few occasions, after a prolonged tea-party, Tap's dinner "gong" was carelessly heeded — a strange comment when one recalls the long lines of the hungry-eyed who used to arouse the commissary boys to wrath and desperation! Not the least of the advantages was the wide range of home-sites and the space for privacy, with no "tenement district" to combat. Think of sleeping blissfully on in the mornings, undisturbed by the grating of hobnails or by the chatter of irrepressible youngsters!

Composed partly of ambitious climbers determined to scale every formidable peak in sight and partly of those out for rest and relaxation, the party soon resolved itself into two sections—the knapsacking mountaineers and the stay-at-homes. While the latter vigorously denied the boastful allegations of one young scamp that "the cream of the camp leaves with the knapsackers," it was none the less true that much of the snap of the camp-fire departed with them, to be restored upon their return as they entertained with new songs and new parodies concocted in the keen air of the high camps. Judging from their eager faces and their glowing eyes, the knapsackers gained something from their experiences on the mountaintops that their less strenuous companions felt that they missed. Whether it was due to the fun of working and climbing together or to the exhilaration of mastering a peak, the enthusiasm of the knapsackers reached such a point that the stay-at-homes soon became imbued with their spirit and desired the life of the knapsacker, too! The mountaineering committee and the management deserve the warm thanks of the club for their skill in handling this unexpected situation in such a way that, in spite of the many peaks climbed and the large number who made the ascents, no serious accidents occurred. Thanks should likewise be extended to the other committees and to those individuals,

too numerous to mention by name, whose generous and unselfish help around camp, along the trail, and particularly at camp-fire, contributed so much to make the outing an outstanding success.

After a rest of two days at North Lake, we sallied out in the early morning of July 11th to climb Piute Pass on the way to Hutchinson Meadow. Although the rise to the pass presented no problem, we groaned over our lack of condition and the breaking of last summer's resolutions to keep fit through the year. Once as we paused "for the view," we discovered a miniature garden hidden among the tall grasses. Lined with yellow *mimulus*, vivid *bryanthus*, and green sedges, a tiny stream fell clearly from pool to pool, then wandering off down-hill, disappeared among the roots of the odoriferous wild onion, leaving us to marvel at the grace with which Nature designs even her smallest areas.

Nearing the pass, we inadvertently played a part in one of those life-and-death struggles which go on so continuously about us. A small wasp, dragging toward home a protesting caterpillar many times its size, had been disturbed by our boots. As it buzzed around, we watched the uneven tragedy; then, unable to decide whether we had the right to save the caterpillar from certain horrible death or to deprive the wasp from fulfilling its natural destiny, we left them both on the trail—the caterpillar now unable to move, and the wasp uncertain where its prey had been dropped.

A chill wind, cutting unpleasantly through our damp shirts, dispersed the usual crowd that gathers on a pass and hurried us on. While some wandered off for a possible glimpse of knapsackers climbing Mount Humphreys, a few tried their luck at Muriel Lake, where at least one fisherman was rewarded with a beautiful catch of huge golden trout. Most of us, however, dropped quickly down to Hutchinson Meadow, where we had ample practice in balancing on the many logs that crossed the streams. On such occasions, how unconsciously does one exhibit an innate response to an uncertain situation! A few proceed without hesitation or fear; others falter pitifully, or make every effort to avoid the test. And it is not always the women who flinch at such times.

Establishing camp not far from the spot where Mr. Colby located us in 1929, we were turned loose for three days to explore the region on both sides of the river or to climb Pilot Knob and Mount Humphreys. For those of us who enjoyed carrying a rod, the time up

French Cañon could not have been better employed. As we mounted the ridge to the right of the stream, a series of small lakes was disclosed, and, urged on by the hope of better fishing ahead, we straggled on toward the base of the cliff, where we were rewarded—not by a trout—but by the wonderful views of the peaks to the north.

The young rock-climbers, finding a safe spot in French Cañon for their demonstrations in the use of the rope, now called the first meeting of the Polemonium Club. If any old-timer has entertained pessimistic doubts of the continued existence of the Sierra Club, let him count the number of young people signing up for the outings, let him watch them taking eager instruction in rock-climbing, and swarming, as never before up difficult peaks, and his conclusions may be radically changed. Yesterday, with the undue familiarity of youth, it was "North Pal" that drew them; today, without a rest, it was another, equally fascinating. With a pocketful of ascents to their credit at the end of the summer, with their unbounded energy and enthusiasm, the presence of these youngsters on the outings indicates a cheerful and healthy outlook for the growth of the club.

With many mountainsides still to explore, we reluctantly moved camp on July 15th to follow Piute Creek down-stream to its junction with the South Fork of the San Joaquin. Huge domelike cliffs, reminiscent of Tuolumne Cañon, towered on either side of the trail, while sprawling junipers, those hardy trees of ancient time, stirred our admiration. Winding up the trail along the San Joaquin, we came, without warning, upon the large rock which bears the simple inscription: *John Muir Trail—1917*. Taking Muir's oft-repeated advice, and leading the life he so fully enjoyed, we were already finding among his beloved mountains that relaxation of body and mind, that harmony of spirit, so difficult to maintain in our busy world at home.

The narrow bridge across the San Joaquin from which in 1930 our temperamental pack-mule had slipped, carrying with him the precious supply of sugar, was out this year, so no such incident could be repeated. Resisting, the mules were forced to wade as best they could. To get ourselves over, however, was not such a simple affair until the commissary boys as usual solved the problem, by felling a tree—two trees, in fact—for the first, refusing to coöperate, floated jauntily away. The rough detour under the blazing sun rather taxed our patience, although the cups of hot tea, generously supplied at

Ernest Dawson's continuous tea party at the first available shade, did much to renew the energy that carried us on to our camp near the falls.

Leaving the San Joaquin at this point, our trail mounted steadily higher, carrying us by the falls of Evolution Creek to Evolution Meadow, where we were compelled to ford the chill waters of the creek by saddle, "piggy-back," or on foot. If at this date we still had modest inhibitions of showing worn socks to the public gaze, we bravely abandoned them, then and there, and exposed our toes to an unsympathetic world. Once in the water, we gave little heed to the club's raucous laughter or superfluous advice. Our job lay in steering the quickest and easiest route over, without stubbing the toe and taking a ducking. Emerging triumphant, what fun in watching the rest of them flounder! One gallant youth, setting out bravely with a girl on his back, was suddenly confronted with too much weight and an awful decision. Should he save the lady and drop his dunnage or keep the precious knapsack and lose caste with the girl? This was but one instance out of many when we heartily wished the club carried as part of its regular equipment a moving-picture machine.

We now wandered on through beautiful McClure Meadow to Colby Meadow with the wonderful peaks of the Evolution Group in full view. Here we settled down for a few days, to climb, to fish, or to read and rest, or to do whatever else the fancy directed. The advent of so many strange beings into their midst seriously upset the housekeeping arrangements of the little creatures in the meadow, but we heard of one little fellow who was quick to seize the heaven-sent opportunity of stocking his larder for the winter. Scouting diligently, he located a valuable box of nut meats, from which he abstracted the contents, considerably leaving behind a few salted ones for the owner's consumption.

As we were in a region of fine climbing, the knapsackers promptly deserted our camp to establish headquarters at Evolution Lake. The rest of us found plenty to do in climbing The Hermit, exploring the territory around McGee Lakes, or scrambling over the sides of Glacier Divide, where magnificent views of the surrounding peaks were secured. From a scenic point of view, one of the best scrambling trips was to Darwin Lake Basin to catch a glimpse of the glacier. There, above a series of jewel-like green lakes, boulders of gigantic

size, partially covered with layers of finely powdered rock, gave evidence of the work carried on by the ice. The smooth polish on the rocks, the chatter-marks—those curious crescent-shaped gougings in the granite—the U-shaped valley, all told their story to the geologists in our midst.

To their dismay, the first two-weekers now found it was time to leave. Moving over Muir Pass, they camped overnight at Little Pete Meadow, and on the following day crossed Bishop Pass and headed for home. Meanwhile, at our camp, two welcome additions to the party arrived—first, Mr. Colby, and, a day later, the club's president, Francis Farquhar, with two of the club's best climbers—all coming in ahead of the second two-weekers, in order to take part in the dedication of the shelter-hut on Muir Pass.

The hardest work of the outing was the long pull up to the pass in time for this service toward which our minds had been turning for several months. Emerging breathlessly upon the 12,000-foot summit, we became aware of a small beehive-shaped hut which fitted in harmoniously, both in color and in design, with the gray landscape. Constructed of flat stones, it had been so sturdily built, that, like its prototypes in southern Italy, it should withstand the storms of many centuries.

The single room of the hut was large enough to hold comfortably the fifty club members who gathered to hear the service conducted by Mr. Farquhar. Following a song by Doris Barr, Mr. Glisan and Mr. Colby spoke of the world's admiration and love for John Muir. As his work is destined to carry on through the years, so, the hope was expressed, this shelter, dedicated to him, may likewise serve for an untold period of time to offer protection and safety to storm-bound travelers. The particular message carried away was Muir's reply to anxious fears that the need of the Sierra Club might sometime come to an end. "So long as greed and wrong exist in the mountains," was his quick answer, "so long must the fight against these evils be carried on by the club." Appreciation was expressed for the gift of the late George Frederick Schwarz, through whose kindness the building of the hut was made possible. A bronze plaque bearing the following inscription was cemented into place: **TO JOHN MUIR, LOVER OF THE RANGE OF LIGHT, THIS SHELTER WAS ERECTED THROUGH THE GENEROSITY OF GEORGE FREDERICK SCHWARZ, 1931 SIERRA CLUB U. S. FOREST SERVICE**

Aware of the long trail to Little Pete Meadow ahead of us, we regretfully turned our backs on the ranges that guard the pass to work our way down the cañon, now wallowing through slushy snow, now slipping on rough stones or wading ankle-deep in cold water. All this mattered little, for our eyes were busy with the landscape around us. Long stretches of talus swept from the mountaintops to lower levels where the polished granite glittered like rain on wet pavements. Helen Lake, at our feet, covered its chill indigo surface with smooth ripples, while overhead, with scarcely a cloud, spread the incomparable blue of the Sierra sky. At the falls we halted to study the aprons of lace, now ruffled, now smoothed by the wind. In the shadows of the rocks, rising from the brown of last year's leaves, pushed the stalks of tiny ferns. Where, we wondered, could we match the white bells of the sprawling *cassiope*? Delicate, even when they faded an amber shade, they distinguished themselves as the daintiest of flowers. Among the firs, the hemlock with its bent head began to appear. As camp was neared, signs of gigantic snow-slides were apparent among the aspens. Torn, twisted, uprooted, they gave mute evidence of the power that had crushed them.

That old adage of the club, "It always rains on Muir Pass," could not be verified this year. Camp was reached in high spirits, with no rain-soaked garments to complicate life around the campfire, as in 1930. After a satisfying dinner, quickly prepared under Dan's capable eye, we were soon chuckling at Mr. Colby's priceless reminiscences of his early outings in the Sierra. It's a far cry from the cereals, crackers, and beans, which composed the large part of the menu in those days, to the soup, salads, and savory desserts now served as a matter of course.

The distance to our permanent camp on the Middle Fork of the Kings just below the junction of Palisade Creek proved exceedingly short; yet that morning we enjoyed one of the loveliest stretches in all the Sierra. On either hand rose high walls of granite, surmounted by "pointed scraps of biscuit dough," so aptly compared by Dr. Hills in his talk on geology. Down the cliffs flowed small streams, destined to become brown torrents a few days later, when the thunder crashed overhead and the lightning played dangerously around our climbers on the Devils Crags. The gardens along the trail filled us with "delight, wide-eyed as a marigold." Tall spikes of purple larkspur, blue monkshood, the lavender stalks of the wild onion, the bright

orange leopard lilies, the castillejas, and the masses of brown-eyed Susans, produced a color harmony difficult to rival in home gardens. In Grouse Meadows, the stream, so turbulent the day before, became strangely quiet and reflective, only to dash on madly at the falls, where we proceeded to make camp for a week.

Here the second two-weekers straggled into our midst, making us unduly conscious of our brilliant noses, hopeless hands, and still more unsightly trousers. Day by day the story of our outing had been boldly written thereon, clear evidence of a successful vacation. A kippersnack for the immaculate newcomers!

Pleasant features of every base camp are the hikes arranged to suit all tastes and moods. With the Devils Crags to tempt them, the mountaineers pulled out and away before many hours were over. Following in their footsteps to Rambaud Basin, we wondered at the ease with which they made the first sharp rise from camp, loaded down with heavy packs. We were quite content to gain the first small lake and there imitate the lazy frogs basking on the rocks or sprawling in the water.

Fishermen, attracted by the pools along the Kings, wandered rough miles toward Simpson Meadow; but since no rattlesnakes were found along the way, three boys reported their trip a total failure. Fortunately for us, tastes vary!

The few afternoons of rain in this region created much laughter and a few rueful sighs as we adjusted ourselves to conditions over which we had little control. Accustomed to clear sunny days, we would start blithely from camp, thinking virtuously of clean garments on the line and of bed-rolls in the sun. About ten o'clock soft patches of white would attract attention; by noon they had gathered ominously, becoming bigger and blacker; and promptly at 2:30, a roll of thunder would be heard, followed by a steady downpour. In spite of the protection of a sloping rock or of a poncho generously draped over the low branches of an albicaulis, most of us returned like draggled-tailed chickens. After a rain-storm, the evening glow on the clouds piling against the blue of the sky is a sight worth traveling—or hiking—long miles to enjoy.

Helping Dan in commissary is not only a sure means of keeping in touch with current gossip, but it provides an unequaled point of view for watching camp activities. Outside the commissary ropes all sorts of petty bartering goes on. "How much cheese in exchange

for chocolate?"—"Must I mend three socks—with a *carpet* needle—in exchange for cobbling?" The rates are high, but shoes are a necessity!—"Is a patch on a pair of old blue jeans worth the price of a fish?" But kippersnacks received few bids! Our weeping eyes—we're slicing onions for the soup—light on Tap's neat sign, "If you have nothing to do, don't do it here." Next we pity a late riser sadly scraping the can for the last prune. By the big rock gathers a crowd, laying plans for a scramble; from that small group, heads close together, comes a startled gasp, then a shout, as Ansel regales them with yet another one; near the mail-bag stands the club's president conversing with a red-headed hiker. Inside the ropes, young Tachet, flour in his face and dough on his arms, stoically takes the stern admonition, "Eddee, don't let them biscuits burn!" By the work-bench stands Dan, fashioning with deft fingers the decorations on a birthday cake. Near the huge caldrons of hot water lie the blackened kettles waiting to be scrubbed; there, in an orderly row, gleam the aluminum pie-pans, those hardy, non-breakable Sierra Club dinner-plates. Presently in strolls a boy with a bamboo rake—the camp must be tidy. Then the ovens cool down and Dan's volunteer helpers drift slowly away. Stretched on their beds sleep Tap and his gang; only the roar from the river breaks the quiet of camp. And the explanation of this unusual state of affairs? Lunch will not be served in camp today!

A little disappointed that the condition of the trails canceled our proposed move to Marion Lake, we made the best of the situation by moving to Deer Meadow for four nights. A little envious, we learned of the plans of the knapsackers to go farther up the cañon to prepare for their climbs of Split Mountain and Middle Palisade. We soled ourselves, however, by fine scrambles to the elusive Observation Peak and to the unspoiled region around the Amphitheater lakes.

An exploring trip to Palisade Basin gave some of us most of the fun of climbing a peak without any of its difficulties. As we followed the stream to the left of the cañon, the landscape gently unfolded before us—stretches of treacherous talus reaching down toward the river, sturdy pines on the opposite mountain, and areas of battered aspens spreading out near the camp. How like people the trees were, we thought!—the pines, independent and steady, serenely pursuing their way, while the weak-kneed aspens, overcome by hardship, groveled despairingly. Continuing our climb to the

highest ridge, the ragged crest of the Devils Crags came into view, while over the cañon lay a blue haze and behind us towered the forbidding walls of North Palisade.

At lunch hour two meadow-mice scampered over the rocks beside us; but looking casually among the "hayfields" on the way down, we were unable to locate any little ones stowed away in their beds. However, we did come across a little cony enjoying the view. Upset at having his front yard invaded he scolded vehemently, then, giving a final "Clear out," he scuttled back among the rocks, presumably to talk the matter over with the family. Amused at his impudence, we waited for developments. In a few seconds out he popped. With surprise showing in every fiber of his body at seeing us still there, he swore fluently until we moved on beyond his territory. He was as emphatic in his way of talking as was the horse in Grouse Meadows the week before, that all too evidently disliked the thunder and the subsequent downpour of rain. Seeing us cozily seated around a fire under a huge rock, he splashed onto the trail, looked us up and down, then walking on a few yards, gave vent to horrid sounds, echoed by all the mules and horses in the vicinity. Whether he was envying our warmth and shelter or bitterly reviling his damp lot in life, we have yet to decide.

Fish were abundant in the pools in Palisade Creek, and many were the fish-fries held along its banks. Can you think of anything more delicious than a small trout fresh from the stream? Seizing his crisply-browned length by the head and the tail you neatly—or otherwise—devour the delectable morsels, lick your fingers shamelessly and go back for more, fervently hoping that no one is counting the number you consume. Finally, too utterly content to do more, you settle yourself for the afternoon, undisturbed by black ants, or by the insistent demands of the energetic ones who want you to climb to the pass. You hear legal-sounding voices discussing the affairs of the world; but refusing to listen, you burrow your head deep into the pine-needles and close your eyes for a moment. A cold wind jars you awake. "What time is it? Three-thirty! Have I slept that long? Just enough time for a swim—I'm to help in commissary. Thanks for your lovely party. Good-by!" Such utter naturalness and simplicity! And there you have one key to the success of the outings. Each one does exactly as he pleases—within reason: eats when he's hungry, even though it be but one hour on the trail; talks only when

he desires; swims, sun-bathes, or climbs, all according to his moods. A glorious life! None better—for all too brief a period. Where else can one get so much return for so little effort—warm friendships, fresh interests, and a complete renewal of a calm outlook on life?

As the knapsackers began to straggle back, the time arrived for our return to the lower camp on the Kings before the final move to Dusy Basin. Camp was broken in a leisurely fashion, as the distance was short—about five miles down-stream. This gave everyone a fine long day—to swim, sun-bathe, or do the family wash. While we loafed complacently with the knowledge of domestic duties well out of the way, the incessant activities of the ants around their volcano-shaped homes absorbed our attention. These fellows, we found, were the boldest of thieves, brazenly stealing our cheese or devouring piecemeal the stray bouillon cubes left unprotected in their silver wrappers. The huge black ants, fashioned like miniature trucks and running full speed about camp, had apparently little plan to their wanderings, in spite of learned observations to the contrary. Watching two huge fellows tugging at cross purposes on a richly endowed thread from the food-bag, we wondered why they didn't prove their superior intelligence and work together. After they had struggled and rested and struggled again to no purpose, a puff of wind settled the question by blowing the thread, ants attached, overboard into the river. We forbore to raise the inevitable comparison that sprang to lips—were our struggles and efforts as futile and ludicrous?

Late in the afternoon there appeared on the bulletin-board near commissary the lists which brought both joy and gloom to camp. A final knapsack-party-de-luxe had been planned—dunnage and food carried by mules, with a commissary boy to supply the wood and to help with the cooking. While some hearts ached under unironed shirts, certain lucky ones of us dragged our bags down to the scales next morning and set out happily for Dusy Basin. As we retraced our steps through Grouse Meadows, the tinkle of the bells carried us back to certain high lawns in Switzerland where the cattle graze lazily, unmindful, like the mules, of the glorious heights above them. Attacking the zigzag trail that led to the new camp, we noticed with interest that even the younger generation flagged on the turns or willingly stopped to study the stream which slipped so easily down the steep brown slopes of rock.

As we reached the 11,000-foot elevation of Dusy Basin and

breathed its bracing air, we felt that here indeed was a fitting place for the last act of the outing. Almost at timber-line, the basin is nearly surrounded by high walls of stone, topped by ragged peaks. A series of irregularly shaped lakes relieves the bare sternness of the place.

Tap, considerate as always, now carefully selected a camp-site for us, and then returned to the main camp below, leaving us to shift for ourselves. Since half the fun—and the success—of the knapsack camp lies in working together, all of us opened tin cans, roasted our knees while stirring the soup or burned our fingers, as a part of the game. That calm "angel" of the knapsack camps, Elsie Crail, assumed control of affairs and well earned the praise offered up by one starved youngster, "These meals are wonderful, better than those down in camp." Camp-fire was held that evening in the center of a smooth granite space—the ballroom, we called it—with all of us huddled closely together for warmth. In that elevation, evenings are chilly at best.

When the call came at four o'clock, and we awoke to find heavy frost on our beds and thick ice in our wash-basins, some of us were astounded at the foolish eagerness we had shown in joining this knapsack gang. We even wished for the hardy courage of that unfathomable soul who left this cryptic note beside his bed: "Don't disturb—trip canceled." But once up, our misgivings vanished like the mist around Langille Peak and left us eager to be off, to tackle "North Pal" or Mount Sill, or to freeze all the way up Agassiz and back. Following a second day of glorious climbing, we returned late at dusk to find our camp invaded by the main party, with Tap once more in charge.

As if to celebrate the final evening, Winchell and Agassiz gave a fine display of twilight shadows against their bleak walls, succeeded by the rosy alpenglow. Aroused from silent contemplation of this wonder by the piercing shout, "Come to camp-fire, quick!" we hastily ascended to the granite ballroom to find colored lanterns bobbing in the wind, confetti and serpentine scattered in confusion, and a clever freshman show in full progress. While we watched the amusing skits of the performers, a spectacular show of quite another kind was quietly going on around us. Far to the west hung the evening star, while in front, throwing the whole range of jagged peaks into darkness, rose the moon. Small points of light from the east indicated the return of the climbers from Thunderbolt. Among the rocks glowed tiny

fires, temporarily forgotten. Clustered around the blazing camp-fire were the silhouettes of many figures, constantly shifting in a vain endeavor to keep warm on all sides. Wandering into the firelight, and then disappearing, as though pulled by invisible wires, strayed tired hikers, stepping off to bed. And all the while, creeping silently down the rocks and the cliffs behind us, stole the quiet moonlight turning the harshness of the granite into frosted splendor. Little wonder that it was difficult to sleep that night—only the thought of Tap's villainous early call could close our eyes to the magic around us.

While the stars were still shining clear and cold, Dan and his helpers could be heard, rattling pans and preparing breakfast. All too soon came the rising call with its rude echo, "Shut up!" With a dull ache that this was the end, we groped our way through the slow process of dressing, threw our lightened "bureaus" upon our beds, and with numb fingers shoved the bed-rolls into their dusty covers. Once more we weighed the bags, choked down the applesauce from the old tin cup, and watched the boys douse the camp-stoves with water and quickly dismantle them. We bade a few friends good-by, and were off, headed for Bishop Pass, South Lake, and home. Guarded by Winchell and Agassiz, the trail wound its rough way past fast-melting snowbanks—no time for sherbet now—on down to beautiful Long Lake, with its masses of flowers—how the fragrance of the white phlox comes back!—on among the trees to placid South Lake, with its outposts of civilization, the power plants.

A wild scramble for transportation to Parcher's Camp, the congestion of cars on the road, the patient wait for the slow-moving pack-train, a quickly seized dunnage-bag, a last wave as our cars rolled away—and the jolliest outing for many summers was over.

And so the calendar begins again—eleven long months in which to dream, in idle moments, of quiet nights beneath the stars, and of exhilarating days, filled with adventure, laughter, and contentment.

"I shall go down from this airy space,
this swift white peace, this stinging exultation
And time will close about me, and my soul
stir to the rhythm of the daily round.
Yet, having known, life will not press so close,
And always I shall feel time ravel thin about me,
For once I stood
In the white windy presence of eternity."

—TIETJENS.



THUNDER-STORM OVER NORTH PALISADE
Photograph by Ansel Adams



THE HERMIT
Photograph by Ansel Adams

THE HERMIT
Photograph by Ansel Adams

SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN, VOL. XXIV.

PLATE III.



EVOLUTION CREEK
Photograph by Ansel Adams

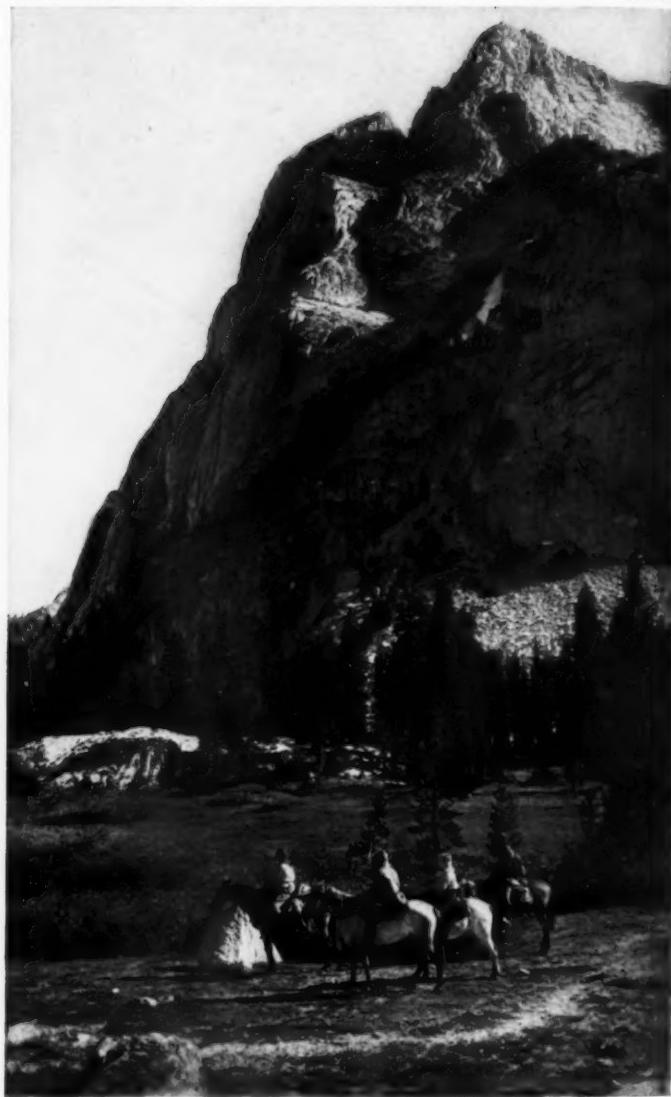


EVOLUTION LAKE AND THE EVOLUTION GROUP
Mount Spencer, Mount Wallace, Mount Flakes, Mount Husley, Mount Goddard
Photographs by Ernest Adams



THE JOHN MUIR SHELTER AT MUIR PASS

Erected by the Sierra Club through the generosity of the late George Frederick Schwarz
Photographs by Marjory Bridge



LITTLE PETE MEADOW AND LANGILLE PEAK
Photograph by Herbert P. Rankin



GROUSE MEADOW
Photograph by Herbert P. Rankin



FALLS IN UPPER PALISADE CAÑON

Photograph by Ansel Adams

MOUNT HUMPHREYS

BY MARJORIE BRIDGE



MOUNT HUMPHREYS, one of the grandest peaks in the Sierra, has at last resigned itself to accepting various and numerous persons to its summit. During last summer's climbing season a score of people experienced the exultation of mastering the old peak.

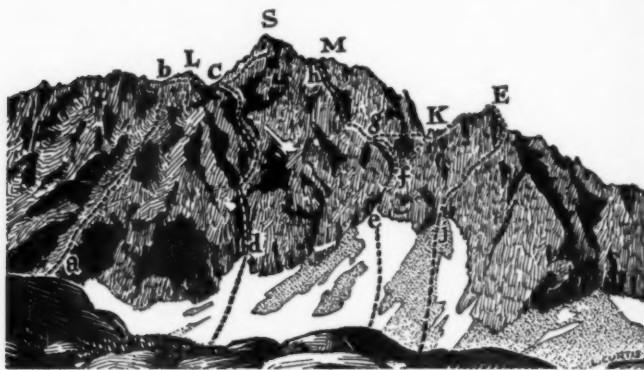
The mountain was named in 1864 by the California State Geological Survey for General A. A. Humphreys (1810-1883), one-time Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army.¹ It first appeared on Hoffmann's map of 1864, as Humphreys Peak, and in 1873 it was placed on the State Geological Survey map. At that time it was estimated to be over 14,000 feet; but later calculations have shown it to be 13,972 feet in elevation.

No ascents were attempted in those early days, for to reach it required a great deal of effort. For a time it was supposed that John Muir had climbed it, for in his writings he describes a view from the summit of Mount Humphreys. Later, however, Professor J. N. Le Conte discussed the matter with Mr. Muir, and the conclusion was reached that Muir's peak was one of the Evolution Group, probably Darwin. This conclusion is strengthened by examination of William Keith's painting reproduced in "Picturesque California," which bears far more resemblance to Mount Darwin than it does to Mount Humphreys.

In 1898 Mr. Le Conte and Mr. Cory made an attempt to climb Mount Humphreys, but due to very bad ice conditions they were forced to give it up. They left a Sierra Club register, however, on a little pinnacle just north of the notch seen at the left of the peak when viewed from the west, with the notation that it was the "nearest point reached to the summit of Mt. Humphreys." (Point "L," on sketch.) The first party to reach the summit made the ascent in 1904. On July 18th of that year a party of four set out to conquer the peak; and although only two of them reached the top, there are those who think that a fair measure of credit belongs to the others, who held their ambitions in restraint. It is such a delightful story

¹ See list of references at end of the article.

that I should like to include it here as a part of the climbing history of Mount Humphreys. Mr. James S. Hutchinson and his brother, Mr. Edward C. Hutchinson, started out with Mr. Charles A. Noble and Mr. Albert W. Whitney to climb the peak from the west. The four ascended until the climbing became precarious. At that point Whitney and Noble, out of consideration for their families, decided to leave the honors to the two bachelors. Accordingly, they contented themselves with climbing a prominence on the eastern wall of the gorge which they had ascended. While they waited there for the Hutchinsons they built a monument and called their peak "Married



Routes on Mount Humphreys

S—Summit L—Le Conte (1898) M—Married Men's Point E—Eichorn
 e, f, g, h, S—Hutchinson route, first ascent a, b, c, S—Usual route
 j, e, k, g, h, S—Eichorn and Bridge, ascent S, c, d—E. and B., descent

Men's Point." There has been some misunderstanding as to the exact location of this monument. Some have taken it for granted that the register at the north of the notch marks the point reached by Noble and Whitney. This register, however, is the one left by Le Conte and Cory in 1898. The party of 1904 climbed from the southwest, and their monument is still to be found on the top of the prominence at the head of the gully south of the main peak. (Point "M.")

In the thirty years that have followed since the ascent of the Hutchinsons there have been recorded on the summit the names of eighty-three persons. Some of these have climbed two or three times; Norman Clyde, in fact, has made at least seven ascents. The moun-

tain, for the most part terra-cotta colored granite, is on the main crest at the head of Piute Creek, and for years was not very accessible. Now, with the fine trails, it may be reached without difficulty by traveling west over Piute Pass or east up Piute Creek from the John Muir Trail. It can also be reached from Pine Creek Pass. There are fair camp-sites under the white-bark pines above the trail in Humphreys Basin, from which the mountain can easily be climbed in one day. The first few ascents were made from the west; but in 1920 C. H. Rhudy and two companions left their camp at the head of McGee Creek and climbed from the east to the notch. From there they followed the route of George Bunn, who had climbed the preceding year starting from the west. A number of other routes have since been discovered.

Last summer Jules Eichorn and I had the fun of working out still another variation. I've had many thrills on the tops of mountains and rare fun and pleasure on the climbs, but this trip of ours was certainly one of the best. We had been "in town" all winter, and were all tingly with the thought of at last getting a chance to climb again, especially the grand old peak we had looked at so longingly from Pilot Knob in 1929. Leaving our "albicaulis" camp above the trail in Humphreys Basin, early on the morning of July 20, we headed straight for the mountain, shifting our glances from the peak itself to the lower peak to the south, up to the sky and back. Would it rain before we got up? Would it pour heavily, or would there be only a light shower such as that of the day before? As we approached the large lake at the foot of the mountain on the west, we both spoke the same thought: "Let's climb the lower one first; then, if we don't get a storm, well—we'll see!" We soon came to the bottom of a fine chimney, leading up the lower peak; but the entrance was blocked by a huge chockstone so that we were forced to begin climbing at the left of the north buttress. Further up, however, we crossed into the chimney above the chockstone. After a good scramble we reached the head of the chimney and climbed out to the south for a fine view east and south. From this point on the climbing was at its best—a face of solid rock north of the chimney, at an angle of about 60 degrees, with perfect handholds and footholds, straight to the top of our peak (Point "E"), which we reached at about 9:15 A.M. There was no record of a previous ascent; so we built a monument, and left a record in a sardine can.

The clouds were now more threatening, and we began to have doubts about completing our climb. But after a few drops of rain and a spattering of hail, things improved, and we continued. After crossing some talus and snow, we came to a gully south of the main peak. This gully led to a chimney which brought us to the foot of the south face. Such a view on the east! We looked down thousands of feet to the glacier and on down into the McGee basin. But we must be on! Thinking of the view from the top, we climbed straight up the south face of the main peak. The climbing was grand, and before long we were on the ridge which led straight to the summit.

Humphreys, being so high above the neighboring peaks, none of which are very near, offers a superb view. The weather had cleared, and we enjoyed the grand panorama from the Evolution Group to Bear Creek Spire and Mount Abbot. We decided to descend on the northwest, keeping as far to the north as possible, until we reached the notch. We then descended the gully due west below the notch, roping down over two chockstones before we arrived at the talus slope. At the lake came a swim, and after a little more exertion across the basin we arrived back in camp about 5 P.M. feeling that our climb was a glorious introduction to the summer's outing.

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THE DEVILS CRAGS

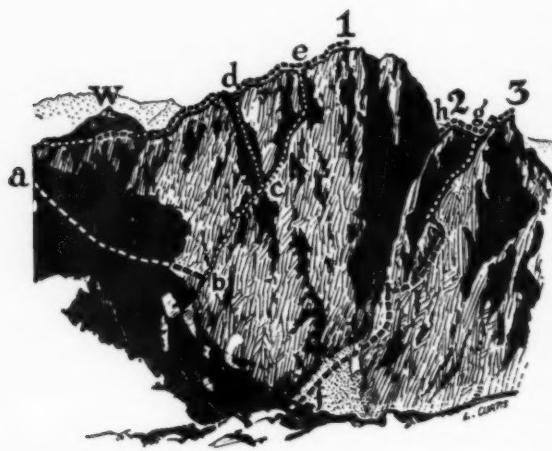
BY GLEN DAWSON

THE Devils Crags looked difficult. They looked even more difficult than we had anticipated, as three of us, Jules Eichorn, John Olmstead, and I, stood on the ridge north of Mount Woodworth on July 23, 1930. The Devils Crags run northwest and southeast. We had studied the east face as we rested on our packs on the way to our base camp at one of the upper Rambaud lakes. The east cliffs seemed impossible, but we were not worried, since most Sierra Nevada peaks have an easy way up. However, the west face did not look much better. As we looked at the peak, we saw that the south (or right) side is extremely precipitous. The northwest (or left) ridge is long and ragged. On the west face two great chimneys or chutes cross each other, forming a huge X. Both of these chutes head on the ridge northwest of the summit. We had copied the short article of Charles W. Michael in the SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN,¹ which records the first ascent of the highest point, made in 1913. Michael's route is up the chimney that starts on the left and heads on the right, northwest of the highest point.

The way down to the base of the chimney from our ridge was over sharp metallic-sounding rocks, which became dislodged upon the slightest touch. At the chimney we roped up. Almost immediately upon entering the chimney, we were confronted by a small chock-stone. A short climb brought us to the crossing place of the chutes which form an X. The one to the left was very easy; but we knew that by continuing in the same direction we would reach the ridge nearer the summit, and also we knew that Michael had gone on up to the right. Here we found a shoe-lace, possibly one dropped by Norman Clyde on one of his explorations of the mountain. The chimney we followed is all right until near the top, where it becomes less definite and very steep. We went to the left toward the ridge, and in doing so did the most difficult climbing of the trip. The few hundred feet of arête were easy. No one had reached the top since the first ascent of Michael seventeen years before. Three boys not yet of age were very happy.

¹S. C. B., 1914, ix:3, p. 188; see, also, 1931, xvi:1, pp. 104-105.

Three years later, on July 25, 1933, Jules Eichorn and I again viewed the peak with some misgivings. The Devils Crags looked as difficult as ever, and this time we had ten picked climbers from the Sierra Club party, whom we had agreed to lead to the top. We were farther north than we were three years before, as we had found that it is better not to go onto the Disappearing Creek side of the



Routes on the Devils Crags

1—Crag No. 1 2—Crag No. 2 3—Crag No. 3 W—"White Top"
 a, b, c, l—Michael's route, first ascent a, b, c, d, e, l—Alternative route
 a, d, e, l—Northwest arête f, g, 2, 3—Dawson, Eichorn, Waller (1933)

watershed on the way to the Crags. The col we chose may be located by the second D in the word "Divide" in the lower right-hand corner of the Mount Goddard quadrangle. With Lewis Clark and Hans Helmut Leschke, Jules and I climbed a nearby peak of white rock which contrasts with the prevailing black. This "White Top," northwest of the Devils Crags, had been ascended twice before: by Rollin E. Ecke and Jack B. Rhodes, on August 18, 1924; and by A. J. Holden, Jr., of the Appalachian Mountain Club, on August 19, 1926.² Both of these ascents were made in connection with attempts on the Devils Crags.

As Jules and I sat on "White Top," we picked out three possible

² *Appalachia*, December 1926, xvi:4, p. 508; S. C. B., 1927, xii:4, p. 380.

routes. One was to go down to the base of Michael's chimney and go up that way. Another route was to go along the northwest arête. The third way was to go up Michael's chimney to the junction of the X, thence up the left chute to the arête and along the arête to the summit. Jules agreed to try the arête, so we divided the party into two caravans. Six of us went down to the base of Michael's chimney. We got over the chockstone easily. At the junction of the chutes, Leschke, with John Poindexter and Ted Waller, went to the left. Being a fast party on a good route, they arrived on top first. They returned the same way. Neil Ruge and I went up Michael's route with Bahlah Ballantine, experiencing some difficulty near the head of the chimney. We returned along the northwest arête. Jules Eichorn had meanwhile pioneered this route with Helen Le Conte and Alfred Weiler, followed by Lewis Clark with Marjory Bridge and John Cahill. The arête has several difficult pitches, but is an ideal route for a large party. Jules and his caravan returned by Leschke's route. Norman Clyde, with Julie Mortimer and Jack Riegelhuth, ascended via the arête the same day. This Sierra Club party of fifteen, all on top within a short time, constitutes the third ascent of the Devils Crags. With Neil Ruge and Bahlah Ballantine, I again climbed "White Top." The next day Clyde returned along the arête to the Devils Crags with Franklin Banker and Robert Cahill. They were followed by two Stanford boys—Jack Jernegan and Craig Barbash.

On July 26th Jules Eichorn, Ted Waller, and I went around on the east side with the idea of climbing some of the lower crags. The first chimney south of the main peak on the east side is steep; but we went up it by bracing ourselves in some places with back and feet. It was difficult for several hundred feet in the lower part, but just before reaching the ridge it was easier going. For our own convenience we numbered the crags: the main peak, No. 1, and so on south to at least No. 12. Crags No. 2 and No. 3 are closely connected, as are No. 4 and No. 5. We climbed Crag No. 2 and then went over a sharp knife-edge to Crag No. 3, which is the highest point on the crags south of the main peak.

With storm-clouds rapidly gathering, we went down west in the chimney between Crag No. 2 and Crag No. 3. As it began to sprinkle we traversed to the chimney between the main peak and Crag No. 2. Here we took refuge under a chockstone, expecting that the shower

would be over, as usual, in a few minutes. We joked and talked as water began to drip in our shelter. The rain came harder than ever. Suddenly, with a great rushing sound, the steep chimney became filled with a torrent. Dirty water, gravel, and even large rocks, came down in a series of waterfalls. We leaped out from under the chock-stone, Jules to one side, Ted and I to the other. In a few moments the water had increased from a trickle which we could catch in our cups to a torrent of alarming proportions. Jules had gone out onto a narrow ledge, where he was soon drenched by water, and, what was more serious, was exposed to falling rocks. The roar of water, the lightning and thunder, and the crashing of avalanches were stupendous, but not very pleasant to us at the time. Soaked with rain and spray, we were so cold that we shook all over every few minutes. We could see snow-fields below us blotted out by slowly moving rock-slides, and we could see gullies being dug ten feet deep. Individual rocks came down, breaking into pieces on every side. The Devils Crags seemed to be coming apart.

For an hour Jules was forced to stay in an extremely precarious position on a narrow ledge, exposed to falling rocks and threatened with being swept off by the increasing force of the water. At last the storm abated, and Ted was able to pass a rope to Jules and assist him across to our side of the chimney. Slowly we made our way down a few hundred feet of difficult wet rock. It was dusk before we got to timber and a chance to dry out. We tried to get to the Sierra Club camp at Palisade Creek on the Middle Fork of Kings River that night, but our exhaustion was too much even for the promise of food. Fortunately, we had our sleeping-bags, so we turned in only a short distance from camp, which we reached early the next morning.

In our haste to get away from the waterfall we had left some of our equipment—ice-axe, camera, rucksack, shoes, reserve rope, and leather jacket—so, a few days later, Jules and I returned to Rambaud Basin to see what we could salvage. On August 1st we were again at the chimney and succeeded in recovering everything except the rucksack and its contents. As the day was still young, we decided to explore the lower crags. We went down the cañon, noticing an unusually deep notch between crags No. 6 and No. 7. Continuing, we went up an easy pass between No. 10 and No. 11, and then climbed Crag No. 11, a short but interesting climb. We were re-

warded by a view of the little-known region south and east of the Devils Crags. We returned on the east side of the crags.

As we rested at our knapsack camp for a little while at sunset, Jules and I looked admiringly at the Devils Crags, with which we were now so familiar, and thought of the others who had admired them in the past. Bolton Brown, on Mount Woodworth, on August 1, 1895, just 38 years before, had sketched the Crags as he looked over them to the Palisades. He shuddered as he looked "into the abyss between the terrible black spires."³ Joseph N. Le Conte gave them the name over thirty years ago. A photograph taken by him, published in *Alpina Americana*, American Alpine Club, 1907, Plate V, gives a fine view of the Devils Crags, although no name is given in the title.

At the close of the year 1933 crags Nos. 4 to 10 remain unclimbed. Crags 7 and 8 are especially fine. They seem possible of ascent from both west and east; but they should be attempted only by experienced climbers with proper equipment. Until the past year more attempts on the Devils Crags have failed than have succeeded. And the Devils Crags were still black and defiant as Jules and I hurried down Rambaud Creek in the twilight.

³S. C. B., 1896, 1:8, p. 297.

NORTH PALISADE

BY HELEN LE CONTE



AT the head of the Middle Fork of Kings River, on the main crest of the Sierra, rises a splendid chain of craggy and precipitous peaks known as the Palisades. The highest of these, called North Palisade, is 14,254 feet in elevation. The surrounding country is one of the wildest and most rugged in California, and North Palisade is the fitting culmination of this beautiful region. The mountain is a long narrow ridge of dark granite against which the snow-patches form a striking contrast. It runs approximately north and south, and is ribbed by deep chimneys and covered by jagged pinnacles on the west and east faces. It rises very abruptly about 2500 feet from the basin on the west, and equally as high above a glacier on the east. This glacier is the largest in the Sierra.

The entire group was first seen in 1864 by the Whitney Survey, and called by them the Palisades. Later, in 1879, L. A. Winchell named the highest point for Frank Dusy, and in 1895 Bolton Coit Brown proposed the name Mount Jordan; but the original and far more appropriate name of North Palisade has been retained.¹

Due to its inaccessibility, North Palisade was not attacked until long after many others of the high peaks of the Sierra, and it was not until July 25, 1903, that the first ascent was made by my father, Joseph N. Le Conte, accompanied by James S. Hutchinson and James K. Moffitt.² They knapsacked from Cartridge Creek to the Palisade Basin. Their first attempt to climb the mountain was from a great amphitheater south of the summit, from which they hoped to traverse the knife-edge northward to the top. But arriving at the crest, it seemed at the time impossible to cross a very deep notch which was between them and the summit. It was too late to try another route, so instead they made the first ascent of Mount Sill, a slightly lower peak to the south. The next day an attempt was made by a chimney north of the amphitheater and on the southwest face. Difficulties were again encountered, and they were about to turn back for the second time when a narrow ledge was discovered leading into still another chimney farther to the north. This chimney

¹ Francis P. Farquhar: *Place Names of the High Sierra*, 1926, p. 72.

² S. C. B., 1904, v.1, pp. 1-19.

did not extend down the mountain below this point, but it did lead upward, and it took them straight to the summit.

My father led another party up in 1913, and this route was used for many years. But as the knowledge of climbing technique advanced various other routes were discovered. In 1921 Herman F. Ulrichs climbed the peak from the big notch which had stopped the first party.³ He stated that it was extremely difficult. In 1928 Norman Clyde made the first ascent from the glacier on the east by crossing the glacier and climbing up a broad snow-chute to the



Routes on North Palisade—West Face
S—Summit N—Northwest Peak
a, b, c, S—Usual (Le Conte) route a, d, c, S—Notch route

notch. From there he descended a few hundred feet on the west, and worked his way up to the crest. A few months later another party, consisting of Norman Clyde, Bestor Robinson, Oliver Kehrlein, and Oliver Kehrlein, Jr., went up by the same route. Due to the conditions on the glacier and in the chute, they encountered some very difficult ice-climbing, which so delayed the party that they were forced to spend the night halfway down the mountain.⁴ In 1929 Clyde found another route from the glacier.⁵

The first traverse from Mount Sill to North Palisade was made in 1930 by Jules Eichorn, Glen Dawson, Charles Dodge, and John Olmstead.⁶ This traverse was made in the opposite direction in 1933

³S. C. B., 1922, xi:3, p. 213.

⁴S. C. B., 1929, xiv:1, pp. 58-60.

⁵American Alpine Journal, 1930, i-2, pp. 186-188.

⁶S. C. B., 1931, xvi:1, p. 105.

by Lewis Clark, Ted Waller, Jack Riegelhuth, and Julie Mortimer. In 1931 a party of nine made the traverse from the summit of North Palisade to the next highest point to the northwest.⁷

I was naturally eager to make the ascent of North Palisade, and was glad of the opportunity of joining one of the climbing parties organized on the 1933 Sierra Club Outing. From our camp on Dusy Creek we ascended the ridge between Dusy and Palisade basins. At the pass we had our first close view of the peak. How magnificently it towered above us, with the pinnacles and chimneys of the great wall standing out clearly in the early morning light, and the jagged knife-edge silhouetted sharply against the pale sky! The weather was perfect for climbing, absolutely clear and very cold. After crossing the basin and climbing over talus and granite slopes for an hour or so, we started the ascent by the regular route up the first chimney to the ledge, then across it and into the second chimney. Ice here and there made the climbing more interesting. For the last few hundred feet there are enormous granite boulders piled up one above the other, which also increases the climbing interest. However, there is nothing very difficult, and ropes were not needed anywhere.

The view from the top is one of the finest I have seen in the Sierra. Not a cloud was in the sky and the atmosphere was very clear. All the great major peaks of this section of the Sierra were visible. To the east, across Owens Valley, could be seen range after range of desert mountains; while to the west, beyond the waves of forested foothills, was the San Joaquin Valley; and, farther still, the outline of the Coast Range could be distinctly seen. It was such an inspiring sight that only the coldness of the piercing wind could drive us from the summit.

In recent years there has been a tendency among some of the younger climbers to consider North Palisade an easy ascent, one very much overrated by the early climbers. This is all easy enough to say after the pioneering has been done and the routes have been picked out and described in great detail. Perhaps if it were not for the monuments in the chimney marking the presence of the little ledge, inexperienced people might miss it altogether, and then the climb would not be so easy. It seems to me that the very simplicity of the climb is one of its greatest beauties. The ledge is such a

⁷S. C. B., 1932, xvii:1, pp. 124-125.

clever way of solving the difficulties. And for those who enjoy climbing of greater difficulty there are endless possibilities for new routes.

The fact remains that from every standpoint—from that of altitude, of awe-inspiring beauty, of climbing interest, of everything desirable in a mountain—North Palisade is certainly one of the finest peaks in the Sierra.

VALUES TO BE DERIVED FROM LOCAL ROCK-CLIMBING

BY RICHARD M. LEONARD¹

THE local activities of the Rock-Climbing Section of the San Francisco Bay Chapter of the Sierra Club differ from those of other rock-climbing groups of which I have knowledge, in three important particulars, namely: The use of an upper belay; climbing upon problems considerably beyond the present ability of the climber; and the systematic practice of falls and belays.

Safety is of course the prime justification for requiring the use of the upper belay. Like the Harvard Mountaineering Club, we can point to a record free from accidents to support this policy. It enables those who have never climbed before to make their mistakes and learn their lessons without danger to themselves or others. It also allows the more experienced to climb upon problems considerably beyond their present ability. With the limited length of our local climbs (averaging from 25 to 75 feet), we feel that it is only by climbing very close to or beyond our normal standard that we are able to materially raise that standard. Of course, when climbing somewhat beyond normal ability, anyone, even the most expert, will fall occasionally, so that it is only with an upper belay that one is justified in attempting this type of climbing. Now, we have found that falling, in and of itself, provides certain values that usually are not perceived. One who climbs without having fallen several times never realizes how close, dangerously close, he may frequently have come to falling, without actually doing so. Nor, on the other hand, does he often realize just how much more he could have safely accomplished had he known more exactly the limits of his ability. But one protected by an upper belay is able, after several falls, to come to a pretty close estimate of the narrow dividing-line between safety and danger. He realizes more accurately than he could otherwise just what causes his falls and just how far he can go without falling. It is true that the expert in the light of his long experience is able to come to just as accurate an estimate without such training, but for the inexperienced, without an upper belay, the penalty for a slight error in judgment is too disastrous to risk.

¹ Chairman of the Committee on Rock-Climbing, San Francisco Bay Chapter.

The systematic practice of "falls and belays" needs no justification, but only a plea for more widespread use among other climbing groups. Our method is to select a small overhanging cliff about fifteen feet high, and after protecting the belayer by means of an anchor so that he will not be torn from his stance, we practice falls of from six inches to ten feet. Tied on in the usual manner for the shorter falls, or with the bowline as a seat under the hips for the longer falls, the person falling climbs up a short distance, gathers in suitable slack, and then—drops like a plummet. It is then up to the belayer to hold him. If for any reason he is unable to do so, no harm is done, since the one falling is prepared for such a contingency and is near the ground anyway. By means of such practice we are able to hold five-foot falls with a standing hip-belay and up to ten feet with the sitting hip-belay. The ten-foot falls give one quite a vivid realization of what a fall of the leader would mean, and what the proper technique would be to correct such a situation. We feel that with further practice we shall be able to hold falls up to twenty feet by means of the body belay.

The necessity for such systematic practice is well expressed by Underhill, as follows:

No one should have to attempt a body belay in a critical situation who has not had experience of just what it means to have the full weight of an average man thus thrown upon him. Few persons are prepared for the tremendous drag that ensues—aware how firm must be the knees and how secure the balance to withstand it, or conscious how great a difference is made by the presence of even a little initial slack in the rope, permitting a drop which increases the effective weight.²

We realize thoroughly the value of Young's advice—namely, that "Rock-climbing is best learned upon long and varied passages, away from the staccato allurements of boulders, trick-climbs, and belays."³ Moreover, we are aware that the continual use of an upper belay may tend to rob the climber of the self-confidence that is so necessary in a leader, or may instil in him a false confidence leading to careless habits and eventual disaster. However, the peaks of the Sierra Nevada are 200 to 300 miles away—too far to reach every week-end—so we gain valuable instruction by intensified climbing

² Robert L. M. Underhill: "*On the Use and Management of the Rope in Rock Work.*" S. C. B., 1931, xvi:1, p. 84.

³ Geoffrey Winthrop Young: "*Mountain Craft,*" 1920, p. 171.

upon local problems, and wherever the climb is long enough for it to be appropriate, we use the regular technique of a two-man or three-man rope. Of course, we are always hunting for the longer climbs, but we do not have many of them. It is the shorter, severer climb with the upper belay that predominates. And we have not found that the fear of the upper belay is entirely justified. The records of the members of the Rock-Climbing Section in the Sierra Nevada and in the Yosemite Valley during the past year are chronicled on other pages of this BULLETIN. On none of these climbs have we felt that our judgment or climbing ability was hampered in any way by our customary practice with an upper belay. On the contrary, as I have indicated before, we have all felt that we have derived values from local rock-climbing that we could have gained in no other way.

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THREE TEETH OF SAWTOOTH RIDGE

BY RICHARD M. LEONARD

AS Henry Beers, a visitor from the Appalachian Mountain Club, had never climbed in the Sierra, a trip was arranged by Oliver Kehrlein over the Fourth of July holidays to give him a suitable introduction. We decided upon Sawtooth Ridge on the northern boundary of Yosemite National Park, where out of the nine major points, only two had been climbed. Our party consisted of Henry Beers, Lewis F. Clark, Richard G. Johnson, Oliver Kehrlein, Richard M. Leonard, Randolph May, and Bestor Robinson. A beautiful camp-site was selected far up the narrow cañon of Blacksmith Creek. On both sides steep serrated ridges swept up to the glacier at the foot of the commanding peaks of Sawtooth Ridge, to which we gave the names Cleaver Peak and Blacksmith Peak.

The first morning after our arrival we arose early, and by five o'clock were off for our first climb. We crossed a frozen lakelet and ascended a snow couloir to the terminal moraine of Blacksmith Glacier. Passing through a narrow notch to the southeast, we came out upon another small glacier which descended from the north face of that portion of Sawtooth Ridge to which the name of "The Three Teeth" had been given by the Scout-Naturalist party of 1932. There we divided into two parties and began the climb. The first party, consisting of Beers, Robinson, and Leonard, crossed the bergschrund and climbed directly up the face of the West Tooth to some patches of snow about halfway from the bergschrund to the summit. At that point the smooth granite forced a traverse to the arête connecting the Three Teeth with Cleaver Peak, which was followed to the summit. The final block is a cube of granite fifteen feet high, securely bridged upon two other large blocks in such a way that it cannot be passed on either side. One has the unique experience, therefore, of having to walk through a natural tunnel underneath the actual summit of the peak. By standing on another's shoulder, the leader attained the summit and by means of the rope assisted the others. A cairn was built and an improvised register was left to record the first ascent of this interesting peak.

The view in all directions was fine; but we did not linger, as the

sharpness of the Middle Tooth so close at hand across the deep cleft in front of us was a challenge we could not resist. The first pitch of about seventy-five feet down to the notch was too difficult to climb. Accordingly the reserve rope was brought into action and each of the party roped down smoothly and rapidly to a convenient ledge. The rest of the route down to the notch required some care because of the narrow ledges and the high angle, and we could move only one at a time. From the notch the route to the summit of the Middle Tooth was quite apparent. It lay up a shallow gully on the west face of the peak, and we were soon on top. The summit was more spacious than that of the West Tooth, and two cairns were quickly built.

The route down to the notch between the Middle Tooth and the East Tooth was short and quite easy, consisting of a steep but broken chimney. The way to the summit of the East Tooth could not be seen, for to climb directly up the arête was out of the question, due to steep slabs without holds. Accordingly, an interesting traverse was made along a horizontal ledge on the south face of the peak. Presently, a very narrow chimney was found, blocked halfway up by a chockstone, and the leader worked his way up to a point beneath the chockstone, bringing the second man up beside him. At this point, protected by the second man, another traverse was made out of the chimney into an adjoining four-inch crack, up which the climb was easily made to the summit.

The last and most difficult of the Three Teeth had now been climbed. The summit was the smallest of the three, and was also the warmest, for the clouds were now breaking up, and, due to the shape of the summit block, there was very little wind. However, it was still too cold to linger, so after leaving a cairn we started the descent of the startlingly steep eastern arête of the East Tooth. Down we went, through a narrow chimney, out upon the face, where we clung to small cracks, traversing upon tiny ledges, frictioning our way down a smooth slab, until we arrived at a narrow ledge. There a tall pinnacle blocked our way. Unable to pass it on either side, we ascended the point and roped down the same steep chimney that had prevented the ascent the previous year, when I had attempted it in the company of Robert Ray. From the knowledge gained on this later occasion I am now of the opinion that the ascent is possible for experienced climbers with proper equipment. From this point on, the ducks, left from my climb of the year before, enabled us to

trace out rapidly the somewhat intricate route. Coming over the final overhang, and frictioning our way down the last chimney, we arrived at the col which marked the end of the arête. The Three Teeth had been traversed from west to east.

After roping down the couloir that leads to the West Matterhorn Glacier we crossed the snow to the little glacier below the Three Teeth. There we saw the other party high up in the main couloir that descends northward from the notch between the West Tooth and the Middle Tooth. This party, May, Kehrlein, Clark, and Johnson, climbing as a unit, had parted from us when we began our climb of the West Tooth, and since that time had accomplished the ascent of the Middle Tooth, by way of the couloir. Their route, which had at first appeared the easiest one to the Middle Tooth, involved much laborious and time-consuming step-cutting in ice. Around the cul-de-sac at the head of the couloir they detoured onto the cliffs on the northeast face of the Tooth, reaching the west ridge just above the notch and thence following the route we had used to the top. In one of the cairns they cached a three-pound fruit-cake sealed in a tin container. It had been carried up by Randy May and left as a birthday present for his brother Kenneth, who was expected to climb the peak from the other side in a few days. So far as we know, however, the cake is still there.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE HIGHER CATHEDRAL SPIRE

BY BESTOR ROBINSON

ALL of the peaks in and near Yosemite Valley, with but two exceptions, were climbed in the eighteen-seventies. It was but natural that Yosemite should have attracted early mountain climbers, for even in those days its scenic grandeur was well publicized, and, compared to other Sierra Nevada regions, it was readily accessible. The two Cathedral Spires, however, remained unscaled.

In the intervening half-century the native ability of our rock-climbers has probably not improved. Climbing technique and climbing equipment, on the other hand, have been developed remarkably in the last few years. The seed of the lore of pitons,¹ carabiners,² rope-downs, belays, rope traverses, and two-man stands was sown in California in 1931 by Robert L. M. Underhill, a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, with considerable experience in the Alps. That seed has sprouted and grown in California climate with exuberant vigor sufficient to satisfy the most vociferous Chamber of Commerce.

So it was not strange that three of the devotees of this new technique of climbing, two of them members of Underhill's original Sierra party, should be found reconnoitering the Cathedral Spires for two days in the summer of 1933, looking for a possible route of ascent of the higher spire.

That reconnoitering trip, and subsequent examination of photographs under microscope and protractor, made it evident that the ascent of the higher spire would involve far more difficult climbing than anything that had been previously attempted by any member of the party. The average slope of the four faces of this spire was found to be 81° . The utter absence of cracks and the existence of massive overhangs on some of the gentler (75° - 80°) slopes made it clear that several traverses would be necessary on the steepest side.

So, in November, 1933, reinforced by what seemed an ample

¹ *Piton*: A flattened spike with an eye on the side used for driving into cracks in rock. Different types are provided for cracks of varying sizes and angles.

² *Carabiner*: An oval snap-ring used to attach ropes to pitons, making unnecessary the threading of the rope through the eye of the piton.

supply of freshly imported pitons and carabiners, we started our climb. Darkness turned us back at "second base" with our piton supply practically exhausted.

A new supply of pitons arrived during the winter. On April 15, 1934, we made the ascent. Climbing were Richard M. Leonard, Jules M. Eichorn, and myself. Watching at the base, photographing and cheering, were Marjory Bridge, Helen Le Conte, Doris Corcoran, Francis P. Farquhar (the club's president), and Bert Harwell, Chief Naturalist of Yosemite National Park.

We spent two hours clambering over talus-slopes from the floor of the valley up the wash lying to the west of the higher spire to the point where the talus gives way to the cliffs that form the south rim of Yosemite Valley. Here the watching party settled for a day of leisure, while the climbing party started upward with the following equipment: Two half-inch ropes (120 feet long, tensile strength 2650 pounds); 200 feet of roping-down line (tensile strength 1000 pounds); 60 feet of extra rope, for slings; 55 pitons, assorted; 13 carabiners; two piton-hammers, with slings attached; three piton step-slings; extra clothing; first-aid kit; two small cameras; one motion-picture camera; and lunch.

From the talus to the southwest of the spire a long crack opening into a chimney gives easy access to a broad ledge, which on our attempt of the previous November we had dubbed "First Base." From this point our route lay directly up and over an overhang, then by rope traverse around the southwest nose of the spire onto the perpendicular west face. We remembered the remarkable sense of balance and ability to stick to next to nothing that Eichorn had shown when on the previous November he had surmounted the overhang and fixed two pitons on the very nose of the traverse. The eleven pitons we had used at this stage we found to be as firm as when we had left them six months before. The traverse ended at a steep crack, excellent in its climbing possibilities, but dizzily overhanging hundreds of feet of empty space. Without the necessity of pitons and with occasional scrub oaks as anchorages we made good time up this crack to "Second Base," the lofty ledge which marked the end of our previous attempted ascent, and on this occasion marked time out for lunch.

There is a real thrill in munching an orange while perched on a one-foot ledge, roped to the mountain for safety, and watching

orange-peels drop perpendicularly to the talus below without once touching the mountainside.

Lunch over, we were faced with the most difficult stretch of the entire climb—a long chimney too wide for bracing and, worst of all, ending in an overhanging wall devoid of cracks suitable for pitons. But the lower part of the chimney took pitons well. One by one they



Route on the Higher Cathedral Spire
1. "First Base" 3. Oak Tree
2. "Second Base" 4. Final Ledge

were placed by Eichorn and Leonard, as they alternated at this exhausting work, while I tended the two ropes which we were here using to insure absolute safety. A clever rope-traverse out of the chimney to the north by Leonard, a two-man stand, and we were up. Thirty feet of climbing had taken fifteen pitons and two and one-quarter hours.

The rock was now more broken, and climbing was easier. It seemed more and more certain that success would shortly be ours as we moved steadily up a series of connected cracks which led to a high wide ledge just under the summit on the west face of the peak.

The summit block, however, was sheer, without any convenient one-eighth-inch cracks designed for receiving pitons. How exasperating to be forty feet below the top and no route in sight, especially with the sun setting! Hopefully, we followed this ledge to the south to see what we could see. Since it continued under the overhang of the summit block, it was necessary to crawl, gazing down occasionally while wiggling across gaps where small sections of the ledge had dropped away.

On the south face of the peak we found the crack we had been hoping for. It was almost perpendicular, too small for handholds or footholds, but it would take pitons. Twelve pitons we drove into it and used them for the ascent without additional handholds or footholds. Then a ledge, a two-man stand, a little scrambling, and we were on the flat-topped summit.

The sun had already set. Hurriedly we built a cairn, raised an American flag on a stumpy improvised flagpole of huckleberry oak, took pictures, and signed the register which we had lugged to the top.

The descent was sheer joy. Roping off one-hundred feet at a stretch from ledge to ledge, never having to use tired fingers and toes on handholds or footholds, we had nothing to bother about except the temperature of our pants as the rope converted mechanical energy into heat. In forty-five minutes we descended, in ease, what had taken nearly nine hours of difficult climbing to ascend.

Looking back upon the climb, we find our greatest satisfaction in having demonstrated, at least to ourselves, that by the proper application of climbing technique extremely difficult ascents can be made in safety. We had practiced belays and anchorages; we had tested pitons and ropes by direct falls; we had tried together the various maneuvers which we used on the peak, until three rock-scramblers had been coördinated into a team. The result was that there was no time on the entire climb, but that if any member of the party had fallen, his injuries would, at the worst, have been a few scratches and bruises.

AN ASCENT OF WEST TEMPLE

By C. C. PRESNALL¹

WEST TEMPLE is the most impressive and majestic of the many peaks in Zion National Park, its massive proportions combining to produce a perfect example of the straight-sided, flat-topped erosional forms so characteristic of Navajo sandstone. It is a gigantic knife-edge, over two miles long, four-tenths of a mile thick, and towering 2300 feet sheer above a steeply sloped foundation. This foundation is itself 1700 feet above the Virgin River, which parallels the long axis of the mountain less than two miles from its summit. This gracefully rugged form, with its color-scheme of purple, vermillion, brick-red, and white, is a challenge to both the artist and the alpinist.

The summit can be reached by but one route, to which there are at least two approaches, both involving a dull and uninteresting walk over loose sandy talus. The longer of the two, however, offers one interesting scramble over the "Chinle Cliff," a massive red sandstone that occurs near the base of many Zion mountains, and can be climbed only at certain favorably located watercourses or rock slides. The shorter approach, one mile, is from the quarry road at Springdale, just south of the park boundary. It leads directly to a broken and easily climbed section of the east wall of the knife-edge. This approach was used on the climb of January 28, 1934, herein described, since a speedy ascent was necessary in order to rescue two men who had become marooned on top the day before.

Our party consisted of eight men, led by Norman Crawford, of Springdale, who, with his brother Newell, made the first known ascent on November 7, 1933. The route up the east wall to the lowest notch in the knife-edge, 650 feet above the talus, was the most interesting part of the climb. The wall is broken into a great many short ledges and chimneys, among which a climber can wander around for an hour in search of the best way. Although there are many excellent locations for practicing rope-work, ropes are not essential and were not used by our party at this point. The ledges are wide, and fairly good holds can always be found in the chimneys.

¹ Chief Naturalist, Zion National Park, Utah.

Near the top of the wall is a longer ledge leading to a short couloir that gives access to the notch in the knife-edge, from which a much larger couloir leads steeply down the west wall to the cliffs of Coal Pit Wash, 2000 feet below. Here we obtained our first glimpse of the varicolored desert mesas and ranges blending together in soft haze toward the western horizon.

From the notch a short ledge on the west face leads around a little pinnacle to the knife-edge itself, along which we worked our way for approximately half a mile. The ridge varies in width from one to forty feet, with very steep, often perpendicular, drops on each side. At several points large "saw-teeth" necessitate traverses around their east faces, one particularly large one being nearly as interesting as the initial climb from talus to notch. As the knife-edge approaches the flat summit it inclines ever more steeply upward, until the last 75 feet, which Crawford aptly described as "straight up and ridiculous." As we prepared our ropes for this final climb, we were encouraged by glad shouts from the two boys on top, who had been without food or sleep for thirty hours.

The summit of West Temple is well guarded by perpendicular walls 600 to 2000 feet high, except at the junction of the knife-edge, where two right-angled recesses lead upward at angles varying from 75 to 90 degrees. The one used by all who have thus far attained the summit is a little to the east of the knife-edge, so that rocks dislodged from it almost invariably drop into an abyss some 1500 feet deep. Holds are small and rather inadequate. Crawford informed us that his first ascent had been aided by small rocks or pebbles wedged into cracks. Apparently the second party had also used these aids; but in descending with only a thirty-foot rope, the first member of the party had dislodged so many pebbles that the other two dared not make the attempt with such a pathetically inadequate rope. Hence this third ascent to rescue them.

Our equipment consisted of three ropes, totaling 160 feet. Taking two of these, three members of our party—Amundsen, Miles, and Crawford, in the order named—climbed up the recess to the only adequate foothold, from which point Amundsen threw a rope the remaining 40 feet to the marooned boys. They belayed it around a bush some distance from the edge.

The entire party then climbed up, arriving at 11:55 A.M., exactly three and one-half hours from the quarry road. The important busi-

ness of eating lunch then occupied the attention of all, especially the two unlucky ones.

Although we had completed the difficult climb and were on a flat area some 30 acres in extent, we were yet 400 feet below the actual summit, which is a little mesa resting on top of the Temple like a patch of thick red frosting on a white and vermillion layer-cake. From Zion Cañon this last 400 feet looks impossible to climb; but a slope that is invisible from below permits an easy walk to the top.

The panorama visible from the West Temple's summit is the most comprehensive geological exhibit that I have thus far seen, not excepting the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. From the high northern plateaus, where the pink cliffs of Cedar Breaks proclaim Tertiary strata, down past level plains to a point far to the southwest, where the Virgin and the Colorado have cut through Paleozoic rocks into still older formations, there is unfolded a gargantuan page of nature's manuscript, a page brilliantly illustrated with perfect examples of the forces that contributed to erosion and aggradation. Underfoot are the fossils of molluscs that lived millions of years ago; to the west is the Hurricane Fault, exemplifying the forces that lifted these fossils from their ocean bed to their present elevation; to the north is the deeply dissected and colorful Markagunt Plateau, where even now the materials for new continents are being worn away and carried down the Virgin River to become for a time the fertile fields visible to the south, later to choke the Boulder Reservoir, and finally to come to rest in the Gulf of California. This unfolded page of geology, with marginal decorations of gray cinder-cones, black lava-flows, red aeolian sands, and mauve talus-slopes, made a picture that kept us on the summit for over an hour.

The descent was easily accomplished in two hours and twenty minutes, with no untoward events.

Not having had much acquaintance with experienced alpinists, I do not know whether or not West Temple should be rated as a difficult climb. The last 75 feet are certainly not easy, and while the remainder is all comparatively simple, yet there is a constant sense of insecurity due to the friable nature of the rocks. On all climbs in Navajo sandstone extreme care is necessary in the selection of secure footings and holds. It is very treacherous stuff, the white rock being much more insecure than the red; and, ironically enough, the former occurs on the upper half of all Zion peaks. There is but one type of hold in

the Navajo that can be regarded with any degree of assurance: I refer to the dark deposits of iron and manganese oxide, commonly called "desert varnish," which often form a slight relief on otherwise smooth walls. The holds thus provided are seldom over an inch wide, but they usually have sharp edges that are easy to grip. Even the desert varnish will occasionally give way because of weakened sandstone beneath it. Navajo sandstone offers one dependable quality—its undependability.

The known ascents of West Temple to date are as follows: November 7, 1933, Norman Crawford and Newell Crawford; January 27, 1934, Vaughn Peterson, Albert Boulter, and Bert Cowlishaw, the last two being unable to descend that day; January 28, 1934, W. Amundsen, Norman Crawford, Chief Ranger Don Jolley, R. H. McDermott, Dick Miles, Vaughn Peterson, Naturalist Cliff Presnall, and P. K. Smith. A small cairn containing the names of the last party was erected on the summit.

SKI TRIPS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY WALTER MOSAUER

WITHIN two hours drive from Los Angeles, between the serene blue ocean and the strange pale desert, there are mountains rising to heights of ten and eleven thousand feet. From late spring to the fall the mountaineer rejoices in their far-flung panoramas, their fine forests, and their streams rushing through picturesque cañons. From December to April a mantle of snow covers them, sometimes eight or ten feet deep—then hardly anybody penetrates far from the camps in the lower altitudes to the higher peaks. Until a short time ago, the vast majority of southern Californians saw the snow, far off, from the warm orange-groves and the palm-lined boulevards, but never cared to come too close to the cold white stuff.

In recent years, however, motoring trips to the mountain resorts for a few hours of snowballing or tobogganing have become increasingly popular. But, while advertising managers of these few resorts arranged for ski-jumping meets to supply thrills for large week-end crowds, *ski-touring* was still practically unknown, and the snow of the mountains remained unmarked by ski-tracks. A few individuals, however, began to go out on skis to continue their mountaineering activities in the winter. Among them were Loyd Cooper, of Claremont, and Murray Kirkwood, of Pomona College, who climbed San Gorgonio (11,485 feet), the highest peak in southern California, in midwinter (February, 1931). Skiing technique, nevertheless, remained most rudimentary—steep slopes were descended in long traverses, with kick turns and many spills, while a downhill turn was unheard of. Another group, the Big Pines Ski Club, developed a higher technical standard under the able leadership of Lester Lavelle, who had graduated as an accomplished skier from the mountains of Washington and Canada.

In 1932, I taught the principles of the Arlberg School, the low crouch and the stem christiana, to several students of Pomona College, who became my faithful followers. Among them was Murray Kirkwood, whose mountain-craft, reliability, and cheerful optimism have made him an ideal companion on most of the trips described here—under pleasant conditions as well as in rough going.

Then, during the winter of 1933, ski-mountaineering in southern California finally came into well-deserved popularity. From Pomona College the Arlberg tradition was handed on to Scripps College. At the University of California at Los Angeles a ski team was developed, and, to my great joy, the Southern California Chapter of the Sierra Club took a serious and energetic interest in skiing. The Sierra Club, because of its ideals and the type of its membership, is destined to counterbalance the obnoxious overemphasis on ski-jumping and professionalism, and to promote ski-mountaineering for its own sake. Moreover, unknowingly, the Sierra Club selected the ideal site for a ski-lodge when it built Harwood Lodge in the upper part of San Antonio Cañon, at an elevation of 6300 feet.

In the close vicinity of Harwood Lodge, we have long, treeless slopes of all degrees of steepness—almost level stretches on which to initiate the timid beginner, as well as slopes of an inclination of forty degrees or more, real specimens of *alpiner Steilhang*, on which the intrepid expert can get the acid test of his swinging ability. The best thing about these ski-fields is their northerly exposure, which preserves the deep winter snow and makes possible well into April delightful spring skiing on granular snow. In 1933 these slopes saw ever-increasing crowds of skiers faithfully practicing the snow-plow turns, the stem turn, and the stem christy. Doubtlessly, Harwood Lodge will remain one of the main centers of ski-mountaineering in southern California, since it is the point of access for some of the finest major trips of the region.

A four- to five-hour climb will bring the skier to the summit of San Antonio (10,080 ft.), one of our noblest mountains. Instead of following the usual route along the ridge, including the well-known "Devils Backbone," we always climb the south face of the mountain. First we "sidehill" through the timbered slopes to the right of Gold Ridge Cañon, to an old miner's cabin, and then we emerge from the woods and zigzag up through the steep shale slope to the ridge, whence the summit is easily reached.

After a short rest at the summit, which on clear days commands a wonderful panorama, extending from Catalina Island to the Panamints, we descend to the southwest, first over the wind-blown crusted snow of the highest slope, then diving into a long gulley, which leads south, down, down over hissing spring snow. A few scattered trees cannot disturb us, and soon we turn east to traverse

over to the west pocket of the huge concave shale slope. Here we drop down over the edge to the steepest run of the trip, a slope of forty degrees or more. What a feeling of satisfaction to look back up to this snowy wall, shining in the oblique rays of the afternoon sun, and to see a perfect snake track of stem christies winding down the declivity!

A delightful, long, unobstructed run to the east, and we are back at the bottom of the slope. A refreshing drink at the stream, the headwaters of the waterfalls near Harwood Lodge, and down we go into the woods, traversing and swinging until we reach the road, which is followed back to the lodge. After heavy snows, one can continue on down below Ice House Cañon (4850 ft.), thus making a total descent of more than 5000 feet.

For those who do not care to make so strenuous a trip, there are shorter, but still profitable, excursions to be had around Harwood Lodge. By following the course of the road which goes over to Lytle Creek, one can comfortably reach the old Sierra Club cabin at 7500 feet elevation, enjoy the sweeping panorama of the desert to the east, and then return by way of a steep, partly narrow cañon to Manker Flats and the lodge. Or, one can turn toward Telegraph Peak (9008 ft.) from the ridge, climb as close to the summit on skis as seems advisable, the highest ridges being very steep and rugged, and return by way of another delightful cañon which opens into one of our most popular practicing slopes at Harwood Lodge. The Cross Ski Hut is located in this cañon.

Ice House cañon, branching off San Antonio Cañon at 4859 feet elevation, gives access to another splendid skiing region, the timbered slopes of Ontario Peak (8752 ft.). Kelly's Camp, the highest all-year camp in southern California (8080 ft.), deeply buried under many feet of snow through several months, furnishes cozy headquarters for a stay of several days. The northerly exposure and protected location of the slopes keeps the fluffy, powdery snow in "cold storage" and permits skiing in the spring when the snow is gone from most other regions. Cucamonga Peak (8911 ft.) can also be reached on ski, but does not make a profitable trip. Too much traversing of extremely steep gullies is necessary, and the country is too rugged to permit enjoyment.

One of the most popular centers for winter sportsmen from Los Angeles has heretofore been Big Pines (6862 ft.), the Los Angeles

County Playground. It is accessible over a good road, kept open by snow-plows, but it requires a drive of 200 miles round-trip, so that it seems advisable to go there for two days to make the long ride worth while. Ski hills of different sizes, from the small novice-jump to the tremendous master-jump, attract those who like jumping, and the spectators. There's always lots of life up there, and he who likes colorful crowds will enjoy this trip. One can get away from the throng, too, and climb Blue Ridge (8505 ft.), where fine skiing can be had in view of North Baldy (Baden-Powell, 9389 ft.) and Baldy itself (Mount San Antonio, 10,080 ft.), and of the purple immensity of the Mohave Desert stretching away to the far off Panamints. On the other side of Big Pines, Table Mountain is a favorite of ski tourists, with good powdery snow on its wooded north slopes. Neither of the two trips, however, is long enough to fill a day. Pine Mountain (9661 ft.) may be climbed from Blue Ridge and will furnish a fuller day's schedule. The Big Pines Ski Club maintains a fine lodge for its members, where members of the Sierra Club are also welcome.

Below Big Pines is located Wright Wood, the headquarters of the Wrightwood Ski Club, in the midst of good skiing territory.

Lake Arrowhead has attracted many thousands of people to its well-organized winter sports programs, the jumping contests on its new ski hill, the ice hockey matches, and many other features. The drive from San Bernardino over the excellent new high-gear road, along the "rim of the world" and the edge of the San Bernardino Mountains, affords wonderful vistas and is a pleasure in itself. The lake, a brilliant blue gem in its setting of white wintry woods, the gay crowds exhilarated by the wintry air, the modern, elegant accommodations, all combine to make the visit a very pleasant one. There is good skiing near by, around Cottage Grove, and a new ski-hut will be the center for ski-touring on open slopes and through the woods. Camp Seeley, the Los Angeles City Playground in the San Bernardino Mountains, is also noted for its winter sports.

Big Bear, twenty miles farther east along the "rim of the world" drive, closely resembles Lake Arrowhead. Here, also, there are many pleasant short trips on gentle wooded and open slopes. A major trip leads to Sugar Loaf Mountain (9842 ft.).

From the "rim of the world," one has an imposing view of the bulk of southern California's greatest skiing mountain, which also

is the biggest of them all—Mount San Gorgonio (11,485 ft.). To climb it from the south, one drives from Redlands up Mill Creek to a point above Forest Home (5000 ft.). Through Vivian Creek and High Creek, one reaches the summit in about a seven hours' climb, so that it seems advisable to make it a two days' trip in order to have plenty of time and fresh, well-rested thigh muscles for a delightful descent the second day. The country is beautiful, the timber not dense, and there are some fine runs through open valleys of gentle inclination.

The crowning experience of the Southland's skier, however, is a trip on the north side of this good old mountain. Unfortunately, access to it is rather difficult, over old, narrow, winding mountain roads, which are not kept open during the winter. But when one gets there, over Barton Flats and the Sawmill Road, the reward is well worth the effort of the ride. I spent two days there in early April, 1933, with Murray Kirkwood, Glen Dawson, and Louis Turner—and what a time we had! A camp on soft ground under huge pine trees, close to a rushing stream, two sunny days with radiant blue sky, while heavy, dark cloud-banks covered the lowlands, and the most perfect skiing of the season. The first day we climbed through the lovely Valley of the Thousand Springs, through open woods and wide cañons, to about 10,000 feet elevation, where the snow was so badly cupped and wind-crusted that we turned back. Down we zoomed and swished on well-waxed skis, over the long gentle slopes, down into the steep gullies where splendid spring snow made "tail-wagging" a sheer delight, and back to the Valley of the Thousand Springs to bask in the burning high-mountain sun and drink of the crystal-clear water. After a good rest during a calm, clear, moonlit night, we used the next day to climb to the ridge above Dollar Lake (9900 ft.). The ridge connects Mount Shields and Mount Charlton of the San Gorgonio massif, and affords a fine view of the southern slopes of San Gorgonio, San Bernardino, and the lower valleys. The descent was perfect. In fact, daring continuous runs on reliable granular snow through open woods, I led the wild chase, followed closely by my companions, whose technique and steadiness had improved rapidly. Sudden, swerving christies at high speed through narrow gaps between trees; long-drawn-out, rhythmical swings on the open slopes brought us, all too soon, back to the valley, thrilled, exhilarated, happy.



LOOKING DOWN ON HUMPHREYS BASIN FROM MOUNT HUMPHREYS
Photograph by Lewis F. Clark



DEVILS CRAGS FROM PALISADE CREEK
Photograph by Ansel Adams

DEVILS CRAGS FROM PALISADE CREEK

Photograph by Ansel Adams

SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN, VOL. XXX.

PLATE XL.



SAWTOOTH RIDGE FROM THE EAST

The Three Teeth at the right

Photograph by Richard M. Leonard



THE HIGHER CATHEDRAL SPIRE
Photograph by Ansel F. Hall



CATHEDRAL SPIRE, YOSEMITE
Upper Portion of the Higher Spire . . . First Ascent, April 15, 1934
Photograph by Marjory Bridge

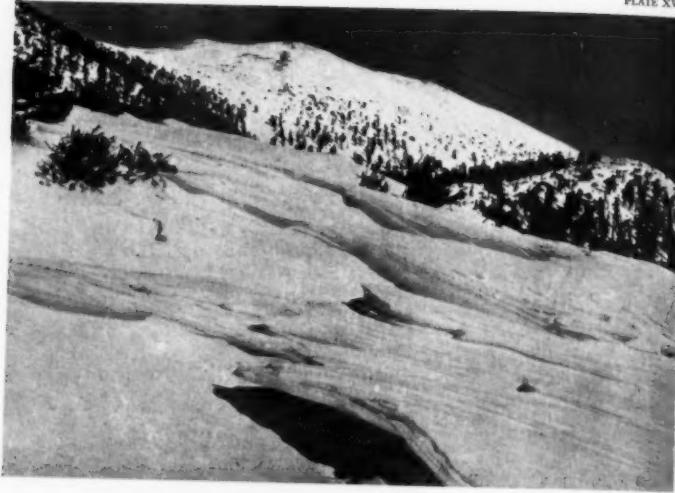


WEST TEMPLE, ZION NATIONAL PARK, UTAH

Showing the Route of the Climb
Photograph from the National Park Service



WINTER IN THE SIERRA MADRE
Telegraph Peak from East Ridge of Mount Baldy
Photograph by Nathan C. Clark—Nov. 29, 1931



A SKIING FIELD IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Wind-Blown Snow on Ridge West of Mount San Gorgonio
Photograph by Nathan C. Clark—Feb. 22, 1931



HARWOOD LODGE
Photograph by Nathan C. Clark—Feb. 21, 1932

Idyllwild, a popular mountain resort on the massif of the San Jacinto Mountains, permits of some good skiing, especially on Tauquitz Peak (8826 ft.); but generally the country is either too flat and level, or too abruptly dropping, broken, and rocky to be called ideal. Mount San Jacinto itself does not seem to be a good skiing mountain, because of the great horizontal distance covered in its ascent.

He who is not content with the variety of skiing territory close to Los Angeles, can, in eight hours, drive up to Owens Valley and ski on the east face of the Sierra. Although frequently described as an extremely rugged, almost perpendicular rock wall, this side of the Sierra Nevada is a veritable ski paradise because of its wide, open, U-shaped glacier valleys. Toward the end of April, 1933, Glen Dawson, Louis Turner, Dick Jones, and I drove up from Independence towards Onion Valley, which we reached the next day after a two hours' climb. We then continued up to Kearsarge Pass (11,823 ft.), the first party to visit it since October, 1932, and returned in a snow-storm, the new snow marring the quality of the ski run. Nevertheless, we enjoyed it. In February, 1934, our group, enlarged by four other U. C. L. A. students, spent several days in Bishop Creek in the company of Norman Clyde and William W. Dulley. With them, we skied to Bishop Pass (11,989 ft.) through unforgettable high alpine scenery.

To sum up the possibilities for ski-touring in southern California, we must admit that almost nowhere do we find the long, easy, unobstructed runs typical of the Alps. There is hardly a place where you can let your skis fly as they may, in a straight care-free *Schussfahrt* over endless gentle slopes—there is only one mountain that affords it: Mount San Gorgonio. You must keep your speed controlled, negotiating the steep, timbered, irregular slopes in a long series of linked turns. Yet this feature makes skiing interesting, and by the very nature of the exacting territory, breeds careful skiers with a highly developed technique. The easy accessibility, the long lasting season, and the usually reliable weather are attractive indeed.

JOHN MUIR AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON
IN YOSEMITE

GATHERED FROM THEIR WRITINGS AND CORRESPONDENCE

BY SAMUEL T. FARQUHAR

IN the spring of 1871, Ralph Waldo Emerson, fatigued and worn by the strain of lecturing in Boston, accepted the invitation of John M. Forbes to be his guest on a trip in a private car to California. Eleven days were spent on the journey across the continent, and the party arrived in San Francisco on April 21, and put up at the Occidental Hotel.

On the second day after his arrival in California Emerson lectured in the Unitarian Church at the request of Rev. Horatio Stebbins, successor to Starr King. The subject was "Immortality," and it was in substance the same as the essay of that title which was afterward printed. The *Alta California*, in reporting the address, praised it highly. Emerson chuckled audibly when he read the closing sentence:

All left the church feeling that an elegant tribute had been paid to the creative genius of the Great First Cause, and that a masterly use of the English language had been made to that end.

After ten days spent in seeing San Francisco and nearby points of interest, on May 2 the party left for Yosemite, arrived there three and a half days later, and stopped at Leidig's Tavern. "This valley," said Emerson, "is the only place that comes up to the brag about it, and exceeds it."¹ Emerson rode one day to Mirror Lake; the next he went to the Vernal and Nevada falls. This was on Sunday, and while riding back he remarked, "This we must call *the Lord's day*; we seldom read such leaves in the Bible."

The beginning of Emerson's acquaintance with John Muir is told by Thayer, one of Emerson's companions, as follows:²

[On the evening of Monday the eighth] there came an admiring, enthusiastic letter for Mr. Emerson from M., a young man living in the valley, and tending a sawmill there. He was a Scotchman by birth, who had come to this

¹ *A Western Journey with Mr. Emerson*. By James Bradley Thayer. Boston, 1884. p. 76.

² *Op. cit.*, pp. 88-109.

country at the age of eleven, and was a graduate at Madison University, in Wisconsin. Some friends near San Francisco had written him that Mr. Emerson was coming, and they had also told Mr. Emerson about him. He had read Mr. Emerson's books, but had never seen him, and wrote now with enthusiasm, wishing for an opportunity to come to him. The next morning Mr. Emerson asked my company on horseback for a visit to M. So he mounted his pied mustang, and we rode over, and found M. at the sawmill alone. He was an interesting young fellow, of real intelligence and character, a botanist mainly, who, after studying a year or two at Madison, had "zigzagged his way," he said, "to the Gulf of Mexico, and at last had found this valley, and had got entangled here—in love with the mountains and flowers; and he didn't know when he should get away." He had built the sawmill for Hutchings, and was now working it. He had heretofore tended sheep at times—even flocks of twenty-five hundred. Occasionally he rambled among the mountains, and camped out for months; and he urged Mr. Emerson, with an amusing zeal, to stay and go off with him on such a trip. He lodged in the sawmill, and we climbed a ladder to his room. Here he brought out a great many dried specimens of plants which he had collected, and hundreds of his own graceful pencil-sketches of the mountain-peaks and forest trees, and gave us the botanical names, and talked of them with enthusiastic interest. All these treasures he poured out before Mr. Emerson, and begged him to accept them. But Mr. Emerson declined; wishing leave, however, to bring his friends to see them. Other calls were interchanged that day and the next; and when we left, two days later, to see the great trees of the Mariposa Grove, M. joined our horseback party....

On the next morning, May 11, we left the great valley before seven o'clock. . . . It was pleasant, as we rode along, to hear him sound M. on his literary points. M. was not strong there; he preferred, for instance, Alice Cary to Byron. . . .

Clark's was a plain country tavern on a fork of the Merced River, at about the same level as the Yosemite Valley. It was full, but we were somehow crowded in. In the morning we were off at eight o'clock for the Mariposa Grove. Galen Clark,³ our landlord, a solid, sensible man from New Hampshire, was the State guardian of the great trees, and now accompanied us, *honoris causa*. It was a

³ Thayer erroneously spells it "Clarke."

sunny and pleasant ride. M. talked of the trees; and we grew learned, and were able to tell a sugar pine from a yellow pine, and to name the silver fir, and the "libocedrus," which is almost our arbor-vitæ and second cousin to the great sequoia. By and by M. called out that he saw the sequoias. The general level was now about fifty-five hundred feet above the sea; the trees stood a little lower, in a hollow of the mountain. They were "big trees," to be sure; and yet at first they seemed not so very big. We grew curious, and looked about among them for a while; and soon began to discover what company we were in. . . .

We sat down to lunch near a hut, and had a chance to rest and to look about us more quietly. M. protested against our going away so soon: "It is," said he, "as if a photographer should remove his plate before the impression was fully made"; he begged us to stay there and camp with him for the night. After lunch Mr. Emerson, at Clark's request, chose and named a tree. This had been done by one distinguished person and another, and a sign put up to commemorate it. Mr. Emerson's tree was not far from the hut; it was a vigorous and handsome one, although not remarkably large, measuring fifty feet in circumference at two and a half feet from the ground. He named it Samoset, after our Plymouth sachem, having at first doubted a little over Logan. He had greatly enjoyed the day. "The greatest wonder," said he, "is that we can see these trees and not wonder more."

We were off at about three o'clock, and left M. standing in the forest alone; he was to pass the night there in solitude, and to find his way back to the valley on foot. We had all become greatly interested in him, and hated to leave him. His name has since grown to be well known in the East, through his valuable articles in the magazines.

John Muir has described his meeting with Emerson in a warmer, more personal manner than that of the matter-of-fact Thayer. Badè quotes a memorandum of after-dinner remarks made by Muir twenty-five years later when Harvard University conferred upon him an honorary M. A. degree.⁴

I was fortunate [he said] in meeting some of the choicest of your Harvard men, and at once recognized them as the best of God's nobles. Emerson, Agassiz, Gray—these men influenced me more than any others. Yes, the most of my years were spent on the wild side of the continent, invisible,

⁴ *The Life and Letters of John Muir*. By William Frederic Badè. Boston and New York, 1923-1924. Vol. I, pp. 253-255.

in the forests and mountains. These men were the first to find me and hail me as a brother. First of all, and greatest of all, came Emerson. I was then living in Yosemite Valley as a convenient and grand vestibule of the Sierra from which I could make excursions into the adjacent mountains. I had not much money and was then running a mill that I had built to saw fallen timber for cottages.

When he came into the valley I heard the hotel people say with solemn emphasis, "Emerson is here." I was excited as I had never been excited before, and my heart throbbed as if an angel direct from heaven had alighted on the Sierran rocks. But so great was my awe and reverence, I did not dare to go to him or speak to him. I hovered on the outside of the crowd of people that were pressing forward to be introduced to him and shaking hands with him. Then I heard that in three or four days he was going away, and in the course of sheer desperation I wrote him a note and carried it to his hotel telling him that El Capitan and Tissiack demanded him to stay longer.

The next day he inquired for the writer and was directed to the little sawmill. He came to the mill on horseback attended by Mr. Thayer and inquired for me. I stepped out and said, "I am Mr. Muir." "Then Mr. Muir must have brought his own letter," said Mr. Thayer, and Emerson said, "Why did you not make yourself known last evening? I should have been very glad to have seen you." Then he dismounted and came into the mill. I had a study attached to the gable of the mill, overhanging the stream, into which I invited him, but it was not easy of access, being reached only by a series of sloping planks roughened by slats like a hen ladder; but he bravely climbed up and I showed him my collection of plants and sketches drawn from the surrounding mountains, which seemed to interest him greatly, and he asked many questions, pumping unconsciously.

He came again and again, and I saw him every day while he remained in the valley, and on leaving I was invited to accompany him as far as the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. I said, "I'll go, Mr. Emerson, if you will promise to camp with me in the grove. I'll build a glorious camp-fire, and the great brown boles of the giant Sequoias will be most impressively lighted up, and the night will be glorious." At this he became enthusiastic like a boy, his sweet perennial smile became still deeper and sweeter, and he said, "Yes, yes, we will camp out, camp out"; and so next day we left Yosemite and rode twenty-five miles

through the Sierra forests, the noblest on the face of the earth, and he kept me talking all the time, but said little himself. The colossal silver firs, Douglas spruce, Libocedrus and sugar pine, the kings and priests of the conifers of the earth, filled him with awe and delight. When we stopped to eat luncheon he called on different members of the party to tell stories or recite poems, etc., and spoke, as he reclined on the carpet of pine needles, of his student days at Harvard. But when in the afternoon we came to the Wawona Tavern....

The memorandum ends abruptly, but fortunately the story is continued elsewhere in Muir's writings:⁵

Early in the afternoon, when we reached Clark's Station, I was surprised to see the party dismount. And when I asked if we were not going up into the grove to camp they said: "No; it would never do to lie out in the night air. Mr. Emerson might take cold; and you know, Mr. Muir, that would be a dreadful thing." In vain I urged, that only in homes and hotels were colds caught, that nobody ever was known to take cold camping in these woods, that there was not a single cough or sneeze in all the Sierra. Then I pictured the big climate-changing, inspiring fire I would make, praised the beauty and fragrance of sequoia flame, told how the great trees would stand about us transfigured in purple light, while the stars looked down between the great domes; ending by urging them to come on and make an immortal Emerson night of it. But the house habit was not to be overcome, nor the strange dread of pure night air, though it is only cooled day air with a little dew in it. So the carpet dust and unknowable reeks were preferred. And to think of this being a Boston choice. Sad commentary on culture and the glorious transcendentalism.

Accustomed to reach whatever place I started for, I was going up the mountain alone to camp, and wait the coming of the party next day. But since Emerson was so soon to vanish, I concluded to stop with him. He hardly spoke a word all the evening, yet it was a great pleasure simply to be near him, warming in the light of his face as at a fire. In the morning we rode up the trail through a noble forest of pine and fir into the famous Mariposa Grove, and stayed an hour or two, mostly in ordinary tourist fashion—looking at the biggest giants, measuring them with a tape line, riding through prostrate fire-bored trunks, etc., though Mr. Emerson was alone occasionally, sauntering about as

⁵ *Our National Parks.* By John Muir. Boston, 1901. Pages 133-136.

if under a spell. As we walked through a fine group, he quoted, "There were giants in those days," recognizing the antiquity of the race. To commemorate his visit, Mr. Galen Clark, the guardian of the grove, selected the finest of the unnamed trees and requested him to give it a name. He named it Samoset, after the New England sachem, as the best that occurred to him.

The poor bit of measured time was soon spent, and while the saddles were being adjusted, I again urged Emerson to stay. "You are yourself a sequoia," I said. "Stop and get acquainted with your big brethren." But he was past his prime, and was now as a child in the hands of his affectionate but sadly civilized friends, who seemed as full of old-fashioned conformity as of bold intellectual independence. It was the afternoon of the day and the afternoon of his life, and his course was now westward down all the mountains into the sunset. The party mounted and rode away in wondrous contentment, apparently, tracing the trail through ceanothus and dogwood bushes, around the bases of the big trees, up the slope of the sequoia basin, and over the divide. I followed to the edge of the grove. Emerson lingered in the rear of the train, and when he reached the top of the ridge, after all the rest of the party were over and out of sight, he turned his horse, took off his hat and waved me a last good-by. I felt lonely, so sure had I been that Emerson of all men would be the quickest to see the mountains and sing them. Gazing a while on the spot where he vanished, I sauntered back into the heart of the grove, made a bed of sequoia plumes and ferns by the side of the stream, gathered a store of firewood, and then walked about until sundown. The birds, robins, thrushes, warblers, etc., that had kept out of sight, came about me, now that all was quiet, and made cheer. After sundown I built a great fire, and as usual had it all to myself. And though lonesome for the first time in these forests, I quickly took heart again—the trees had not gone to Boston, nor the birds; and as I sat by the fire, Emerson was still with me in spirit, though I never again saw him in the flesh.

Emerson himself has left no published account of this memorable meeting. His Journals⁶ have but few notes on California. He was enjoying a rest and did little writing. The scanty references indicate the points which interested or impressed him most. He writes:

Wine is not adulterated; because grapes at one cent a

⁶ *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1864-1876*. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Boston & New York, 1914.

pound are cheaper than any substitute . . . nickels for cents . . . John Muir. General Sumner. Antelopes, prairie-dogs, elk-horns, wolves, eagles, vultures, prairie-hens, owls. . . .

The attraction and superiority of California are in its days. It has better days, and more of them, than any other country. . . .

In Yosemite, grandeur of [the] mountains perhaps unmatched in the globe; for here they strip themselves like athletes for exhibition, and stand perpendicular granite walls, showing their entire height, and wearing a liberty cap of snow on their head.

"One of Muir's winter recreations," writes Badè, "was to climb an Incense Cedar, abloom amid the snows of January, gather some of the golden sprays of staminate blossoms, and mail them to his friends." Such a gift drew from Emerson the following letter:⁷

MY DEAR MUIR:

CONCORD, 5 February, 1872

Here lie your significant cedar flowers on my table, and in another letter; and I will procrastinate no longer. That singular disease of deferring, which kills all my designs, has left a pair of books brought home to send to you months and months ago, still covering their inches on my cabinet, and the letter and letters which should have accompanied, to utter my thanks and lively remembrance, are either un-written or lost, so I will send this *peccavi*, as a sign of remorse.

I have been far from unthankful—I have everywhere testified to my friends, who should also be yours, my happiness in finding you, the right man in the right place—in your mountain tabernacle, and have expected when your guardian angel would pronounce that your probation and sequestration in the solitudes and snows had reached their term, and you were to bring your ripe fruits so rare and precious into waiting society.

I trust you have also had, ere this, your own signals from the upper powers. I know that society in the lump, admired at a distance, shrinks and dissolves, when approached, into impracticable or uninteresting individuals, but always with a reserve of a few unspoiled good men, who really give it its halo in the distance. And there are drawbacks also to Solitude, who is a sublime mistress, but an intolerable wife. So I pray you to bring to an early close your absolute contracts with any yet unvisited glaciers or volcanoes, roll up your drawings, herbariums and

⁷ *Op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 259-260.

poems, and come to the Atlantic Coast. Here in Cambridge Dr. Gray is at home, and Agassiz will doubtless be, after a month or two, returned from Terra del Fuego — perhaps through San Francisco—or you can come with him. At all events, on your arrival, which I assume as certain, you must find your way to this village, and my house. And when you are tired of our dwarf surroundings, I will show you better people.

With kindest regards

Yours

R. W. EMERSON

I send two volumes of collected essays by book-post.

After Emerson's return to Concord he recorded the pleasure of his California trip in a letter to Carlyle⁸ dated June 30, 1871.

California surprises with a geography, climate, vegetation, beasts, birds, fishes even, unlike ours; the land immense; the Pacific sea; steam brings the near neighborhood of Asia; and South America at your feet; the mountains reaching the altitude of Mont Blanc; the State in its six hundred miles of latitude producing all our Northern fruits, and also the fig, orange, and banana. But the climate chiefly surprised me. The Almanac said April; but the day said June—and day after day for six weeks uninterrupted sunshine. November and December are the rainy months. The whole country was covered with flowers, and all of them unknown to us except in greenhouses. Every bird that I know at home is represented here, but in gayer plumes.

Although he lived for another decade, Emerson's productive life was almost ended. He declined in strength of body and of mind, and even the friendships which meant so much to him were not always clearly remembered. A brief note in his *Journals* for May 26, 1872, closes the written record of his spiritual fellowship with John Muir:

"No sign that our mighty rocks had ever tingled with earthquake," said John Muir. He said he slept in a wrinkle of the bark of a sequoia on the night after we left him.

⁸ *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834-1872*, Boston, 1883. Letter cxx, pp. 343-345.

THOMAS MORAN: AN APPRECIATION

BY FRITIOP FRYXELL

WITH the passing of Thomas Moran on August 25, 1926, the scenic Far West of our country lost one of the first of its interpreters in the realm of landscape painting, and, in the judgment of many, the greatest of them all. In his ninetieth year when summoned by death, Moran had been privileged to live to see many of the mountain areas which he was the first to paint and which he loved with undying passion enshrined as national parks, and thus assured of future preservation and wise care. And in the meantime he had himself come to be acclaimed as the dean and "grand old man" of American art.

It is difficult to estimate the influence of this artist of our western mountains and forests, whether within the circles of purely academic art (where indeed his influence was great) or among the vastly greater number of those who, thirsty for the loveliness of unspoiled wild places, draw near for refreshment and inspiration to the fountains which he provided. Speaking for the latter, the writer recalls how, as a wide-eyed lad of vague inarticulate longings, he found in Moran's sketches and paintings that which the prairies of Illinois could not offer and which alone seemed to satisfy; and how, through these boyhood impressions received fifteen years before he ever saw a mountain, he became one of the increasing throng who with Muir and Moran are hopelessly and forever mountaineers.

The far-flung wanderings and adventures of Thomas Moran in his unceasing quest of beauty are now left with little record other than his priceless canvases and the original field-sketches upon which these were based. To be remembered in any other way had little appeal for Moran. Even with respect to the art in which he literally lived and moved and had his being he showed something of the prodigality and heedlessness of nature, painting and sketching under the influence of a creative urge that never flagged, allowing the works of his hand to be scattered widely and lavishly, like winged seeds, as though the output could never cease. But now that the hand is stilled, he who would attempt to locate and catalogue Moran's works faces a formidable and bewildering, if not utterly

hopeless, task; for Moran himself never kept a record of them. The suggestion that he leave brushes and palette long enough to record for posterity the story of his long and eventful life did not interest him, nor did he even give heed to the preservation of facts which might assist a future biographer.

Surely here was one of the least introspective of men and one of the most humble, in whom was no trace of the egotism so often linked with genius.

There was one trait in Moran's character that was apparent to all associated with him in camp or on the march. To all outward appearances he had not the physique or capacity for endurance required for the campaigns he made with Hayden and Powell in the early '70's. But no veteran of the plains and mountains was ever more uncomplainingly cheerful under the exactions of poor fare and a hard bed, long hours in the saddle and indifferent weather conditions—rain or shine, hot or cold—and yet withal one of the jolliest of the crowd around the camp-fires or at "grub-pile."

I like to think of him best for his fine companionship.

So speaks William H. Jackson, himself now past the threshold of ninety.

Thomas Moran! How reminiscent his very name of the strong, free young West to which he belonged, the magic era of the Government explorations! A name to conjure forth images of the snowy Sierras, the lofty Tetons and the Yellowstone country, or the Grand Cañon of the Colorado—incomparable panoramas which the world will long continue to see in terms of his compositions. A name at sound of which we seem to catch again the pulsating, subdued murmur of distant cascades; and in the scene which comes to mind, profiled against the sky is the figure of a solitary, grand old pine. There is borne home the thought that in the trees of his mountain landscapes we recognize Moran himself, whether shown in the strength of their maturity, braced on crag or precipice, or, full of years, with battered limbs, their seared crowns still confidently uplifted alike to sun and storm, in serene, thoughtful old age.

EARLY ASCENTS OF MOUNT SHASTA

BY CHARLES L. STEWART

THE first party to reach the summit of Mount Shasta was led by Captain E. D. Pearce, who, with eight men, succeeded in attaining the topmost pinnacle of the mountain on August 14, 1854. The year 1854 was indeed a memorable one in the mountaineering annals of the Pacific Slope, witnessing as it did the first ascents of Mount Hood, Mount Shasta, and Mount Adams. Mount Saint Helens had been conquered a year earlier.¹

The facts and circumstances of the first ascent of Mount Shasta have long been obscure, but by good fortune there has been brought to light a partial reproduction of Pearce's own story, written originally for the *Yreka Herald* and copied by the *San Francisco Daily Herald*.² From this and other sources it is possible to piece together the essential facts.

The party camped on the southwest slope of the mountain near the site of the present Horse Camp, and on the morning of the climb ascended by the large trough that has since become the regularly established route. At the Red Banks, however, instead of following one of the passes through the rocks, they chose to circle round to the left over what proved to be an extremely precarious route. Misery Hill was climbed, from the top of which they had their first view of the summit spire. After crossing the intermediate snow-field, they scrambled up the loose rock on the western slope of the summit ledge and attained the topmost peak. At precisely twelve o'clock the men "unfurled the Stars and Stripes, and raised the standard to its long resting-place, amid the deafening cheers of the little multitude."

On the descent, they discovered "a cluster of boiling hot sulphur springs, about a dozen in number, emitting any amount of steam, smoke, gas, etc." Pearce goes on to relate:

... After reconnoitering here for some time, we concluded it was best for us to leave for fear of accidents. After descending for some two miles we came to a ravine of snow,

¹ A. H. Bent: "Early American Mountaineers," in *Appalachia*, xiii, 45-67, 1913.

² E. D. Pearce: "First Ascent of Shasta Butte—Interesting Narrative," in *San Francisco Daily Herald*, August 28, 1854. (For the clue which led ultimately to the discovery of this account I am indebted to Miss Caroline Wenzel, of the California State Library, Sacramento.—C. L. S.)

and being somewhat fatigued and in a hurry to get clear of the smell of brimstone, we set sail in the following manner: The grade being on an angle of some 75 degrees [!], and the top of the snow soft, we set ourselves down on our unmentionables, feet foremost, to regulate our speed, and our walking sticks for rudders. At the word, off we sped inside of 2:40, and the like I never saw before in the shape of coasting. Some unshipped their rudders before reaching the quarter (there was no such thing as stopping), some broached to and went stern foremost, making wry faces, while others, too eager to be the first down, got up too much steam, and went end over end; while others found themselves athwartship, and making 160 revolutions per minute. In short it was a spirited race, as far as I can see, and that was not far, for in a trice we found ourselves in a snug little pile at the foot of the snow, gasping for breath. After examining a little, we found that some were minus hats, some boots, some pants, and others had their shins bruised, and other little et ceteras too numerous to mention. No one knew what time we made the four miles in; however, it was concluded by all that we were not over five minutes and a half on the snow. Thus ended the incidents of the day, and we arrived in camp at 3 o'clock P.M.

As the identity of the first climber and the circumstances of the first ascent of Mount Shasta have been the subject of much controversy, it may be interesting to tell something about Pearce and what is known of his life.³

There are several sources of information, the most important of which are two articles by John McKee,⁴ one of the members of the second party to climb Shasta, also under the leadership of Pearce, and Well's *History of Siskiyou County*,⁵ in which there is an account based in part on Pearce's original narrative. McKee gives the name of the first climber as E. D. Pierce, and states that he was superintendent of the Yreka Water Company's sawmills. Wells gives the name as J. D. Pierce, adding that he was a merchant of Yreka at

³ Ansel F. Hall, in an excellent article entitled "Mount Shasta," (S. C. B., 1926, xii:1, pp. 252-267), has discussed the matter of Pearce's identity and has brought to light much information previously unknown.

⁴ J. McKee: "Second Ascent of Shasta Butte—an Interesting Narrative," in *San Francisco Daily Herald*, October 9, 1854. This article was copied from the *Yreka Herald*. McKee also contributed later articles, describing his climb in greater detail, viz.: "Second Ascent of Mount Shasta," in *Beadle's Monthly Magazine*, ii: 373-383, xxviii: 305-313, 1863. These were reprinted in the January 8, 15, and 22, 1927, numbers of *The Argonaut*.

⁵ H. L. Wells: *History of Siskiyou County*, 31-32. Oakland, Calif., 1881.

the time. Israel Diehl, who made the fourth ascent of Shasta, mentions the finding of newspapers on the summit dating back to 1852, and gives the name as Captain Prince,⁶ a version confirmed, or more likely copied, by Calvin McDonald in writing the account of his ascent in 1860.⁷

However, a brief and disconnected note appearing in the *Sacramento Daily Union* of April 5, 1865, not only adds another variation, in the form of Captain Purce, but also furnishes the key to the solution of the problem. The article states that to a certain Captain Purce, who had seen service in the Mexican War, and who had been a "forty-niner," belonged the "honor of being the first to ascend the Shasta Butte . . . and on its summit to unfurl the glorious Stars and Stripes to the breeze." The article further states that the captain had run a pack-train all the way from Chico to Idaho⁸ and had represented Shasta County in the State Legislature in 1851 and 1852.

The last-named item would seem to give a clue which might lead toward a definite conclusion. But an examination of the journal of the Assembly for 1852 merely adds another variation, both of name and of residence. Curiously enough, two spellings of the same name are given: E. D. Pierce and E. D. Pearce. Moreover, there was a protracted argument as to whether Pearce (or Pierce) should have been allowed to take his seat in the Assembly, inasmuch as one of his opponents in the election had contested his victory.⁹

Such contested elections formed a regular part of the business of every one of the early sessions of the Legislature, due in large part to inaccurate surveys or definition of county boundaries. A defeated candidate would frequently attempt to disqualify his victor by bringing charges that the successful man's residence lay across the county boundary, making him ineligible by the state constitution to represent that county in the Legislature. One politician, McCandless by name, brought just such a charge against Pearce, attempting to show that Pearce's home was just over the borders of Klamath

⁶ I. S. Diehl: "Mount Shasta," in *Hutchings' California Magazine*, I, 482-485, 1857.

⁷ C. B. McDonald: "Ascent of Mount Shasta," in *The Hesperian*, v, 387-391, 1860.

⁸ The years 1852-1866 witnessed important mineral discoveries in and around Boise, Idaho. Regular pack-trains were sent into the Idaho gold-fields from all the neighboring states, and it is doubtless this fact that called forth the article in the *Sacramento Daily Union* . . .

⁹ *Assembly Journal*, third session (1852), 6, 7, 867.

County, thus making him ineligible to represent Shasta County in the State Legislature.

As soon as the question of Pearce's eligibility came before the Assembly, the matter was referred to the Committee on Elections. This committee immediately proceeded to gather evidence in the form of testimonies of various persons acquainted with Pearce. The findings of the committee have been preserved in the archives of the Secretary of State of California, and I have in my possession transcripts of fourteen documents bearing directly on the question.

These documents contain much that is controversial, however. As an example, we find that in the matter of spelling the forms Pierce and Pearce occur with about equal frequency, and in several cases the two forms appear in one document. There is even one occurrence of *Peirce*. Nevertheless, some few statements seem to occur so frequently as to be reasonably authentic. We learn that E. D. Pearce was the Democratic nominee for one of the offices of assemblyman from Shasta County in the fall election of 1851; that in that election he polled 1138 votes as compared with the 1118 of his nearest competitor, Samuel Fleming, whose seat was also contested; that prior to his election he had been running a train of pack-mules between old Shasta City (now one of the historic "ghost towns" of California), Scott Valley, and Shasta Butte City (Yreka), which was the most commonly used route for travel in the early days, since it touched many of the important mining centers of the back country; that he had at one time a trading establishment at Scott Bar, and had a share in the ownership of a ranch between Yreka and Scott Bar. He was not known to have any family, nor is anything given of his life prior to his residence in California.

Pearce was finally permitted to take his seat, despite the findings of the committee to the effect that his residence was in Scott Bar, which was in Klamath County, rather than in Shasta County.¹⁰ It is also interesting to note that the form Pierce appears only in the early portion of the journal of the Assembly; after the first few references, the form Pearce is used consistently throughout.

One other casual shred of evidence makes the form Pearce appear as the most probable spelling of the man's name. Wells, in his *History of Siskiyou County*, reproduces the first entry on the docket of

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 118, 194-195, 207, 208, 209, 215, 216, 217, 218.

the Siskiyou County probate court, dated June 14, 1852, which is an order appointing E. D. Pearce of Siskiyou County the administrator of the estate of a certain Mahlon Lewis, deceased,¹¹ of Humbug Creek.

The reference to his service in the Mexican War is unproductive of further evidence, as an examination of F. B. Heitman's *Historical Register of the United States Army* fails to list any one of the forms mentioned that will fit the description of Pearce. Of the form Prince, mentioned by Diehl, we shall speak presently. The numerous nautical expressions used in Pearce's account of his ascent suggest the possibility that seafaring may have been his occupation at one time in his life. Or it may have been that the "captain" was nothing more than a popular nickname. At any rate, the form E. D. Pearce is pretty definitely established as the authentic spelling of the man's name, and August 14, 1854, as the date of the first ascent.¹²

Of the second ascent of Shasta we can speak more precisely. John McKee, later one of the members of the pioneer banking firm of Drury J. Tallant & Company, wrote a brief account of the climb in the form of a letter to the *San Francisco Daily Herald*, subsequently expanding his tale into an article which was published in *Beadle's Monthly* twelve years later.

According to McKee, the story of Pearce's ascent had not found general acceptance, and it was with the idea of proving the truth of his claims that the captain had invited a number of friends to accompany him on a second climb. Accordingly, at noon on September 18, 1854, a party of nine men,¹³ with Pearce as guide, set out on horseback from the sawmills of the Yreka Water Company at the southern end of Shasta Valley, bound for the summit of the mountain.

The party was originally much larger, but became divided when the Yreka contingent, numbering some six men, lost their horses and were delayed for one day. Pearce and his eight companions rode to the southwestern base of the mountain, thence across the dense chaparral stretch to the timber belt, zigzagging up the cañons to the

¹¹ H. L. Wells, *op. cit.*, 84.

¹² There is probably no connection between E. D. Pearce and John B. Pierce of Scott Bar, though there is much in common between their careers. Indeed, it is doubtful if this similarity between their careers that led to the item in the *Sacramento Daily Union*, already referred to, alluding to the Idaho pack-train, inasmuch as John B. Pierce served in the Idaho Legislature. For further detail, see H. H. Bancroft, *History of Washington, Idaho, and Montana, 1845-1889*, 540-547, note. San Francisco, 1890.

¹³ Charles McDermitt, L. Lande, D. M. Kellogg, D. F. Lack, Perry Greenfield, A. J. Wright, William Boothe, McKee, and Pearce.

snow-line. The party began the ascent at four o'clock on the following morning (September 19), following the same route as the earlier party until they reached the Red Bluffs, when Pearce wisely chose to climb through one of the passes, rather than to circle round to the left, as on his previous ascent. The party was favored with excellent weather conditions, and after resting for a short time at the sulphur springs, succeeded in reaching the topmost pinnacle of the mountain by nine o'clock in the morning. There they remained silently until, at the suggestion of McDermit, they "united in three cheers for the Stars and Stripes, and for the party that had planted them there five weeks before."

The men erected a small cairn and deposited copies of the *Mountain Herald*, the *New York Herald*, and the New Testament, and the by-laws of the Sons of Temperance and Odd Fellows,¹⁴ which were found in an excellent state of preservation as late as 1861.¹⁵

It will be recalled that Diehl, in speaking of his Captain Prince, refers to the American flag "placed there in 1852 by Prince." He also mentions finding newspapers. Certainly the *Mountain Herald* could not have been among them, for it did not come into existence until 1853. Moreover, the incidents of the flag, the Odd Fellows' constitution, etc., check so perfectly with what we know of Pearce as to leave no doubt in our minds that the form *Prince* is an error as well as the date.

Arrangements had originally been made to supply the party with instruments for measuring the temperature of the atmosphere and the elevation of the summit. Through some misunderstanding, the arrival of the instruments had been delayed, and the men regretfully proceeded without them.

At ten o'clock the descent over the snow was begun and timber-line reached by one in the afternoon.

The six men¹⁶ from Yreka, who by this time had recovered their horses and had reached timber-line, made the third known ascent of Mount Shasta on the following day, September 20. Among them was Dr. Fleming Granville Hearn, a well-known dentist of Yreka, who had a thermometer with him and took the temperature every five minutes during the ascent. The temperature at the summit he

¹⁴ H. L. Wells, *History of Siskiyou County*, 32.

¹⁵ R. G. Stanwood: "An Ascent of Mount Shasta in 1861," in *California Historical Society Quarterly*, vi, 69-76, 1927.

¹⁶ J. Lytle Cummins, J. S. Cummins, Dr. Fleming Granville Hearn, Holland Parker, R. B. Stratton, and Yank Holden.

found to be thirty-six degrees Fahrenheit, while the boiling sulphur springs registered one hundred eighty.

The fourth ascent of Mount Shasta was made by Israel S. Diehl, an ardent temperance crusader, who made an extensive tour through northern California in 1855, organizing eleven divisions of the Sons of Temperance in various towns in that section of the state.¹⁷ Diehl followed closely in the steps of Pearce, so that a detailed review of his route will not be necessary. Diehl set out alone from Yreka on October 9, 1855, camped at timber-line on the evening of the tenth, and on the day following made the ascent of the mountain. Nothing worthy of especial note occurred during his climb, though he does use the word "glaciers" in his narrative. Had he been a competent geologist, this one word would indeed arouse considerable interest, for until 1870 true glaciers were not known to exist on Shasta, even after so distinguished a scientist as J. D. Whitney had failed to observe them.

The fifth ascent of Mount Shasta was made on March 26, 1856, by a party of three men—A. C. Isaacs, D. E. English, and Anton Roman—the narrative of whose adventures on Shasta has been chronicled by the first-named member of the party.¹⁸ The hardships suffered by these three men afford one of the most vivid chapters in Shasta's history, eclipsed perhaps only by the more famous experience of John Muir and Jerome Fay during their overnight stay on the summit nineteen years later. Of the three men, Anton Roman has come down to us as a figure of genuine importance in the history of the West. After coming from his native Germany at an early age, Roman crossed the plains in 1849 and arrived in San Francisco in 1850. The next few years he spent in traveling about northern California peddling books to miners' camps, and for some time he had a book-shop in Yreka, then a boom-town following the discovery of gold in Siskiyou County. In 1857 Roman opened a book-shop in San Francisco, which became the rendezvous of many of the illustrious figures in the literary history of the West, among them Charles Warren Stoddard, Noah Brooks, Thomas Starr King, Bret Harte, and many others who contributed to the "brilliant outburst" of western literature in the 'seventies of the last century.

¹⁷ H. L. Wells, *op. cit.*, 180, 181.

¹⁸ A. C. Isaacs: "Ascent of Shasta Butte," in *California Daily Chronicle*, San Francisco, April 9, 1856; reprinted in *Weekly Chronicle*, San Francisco, April 19, 1886.

When Roman began to publish the *Overland Monthly* (in 1868), Bret Harte became its first editor.¹⁹

Roman's trio, beside being pioneers in Shasta's mountaineering history, may also claim the distinction of being one of the very few parties to succeed in reaching the summit so early in the season, as the feat is not commonly accomplished before June. Indeed, this fact accounts for their intense suffering, some faint idea of which may be had from the fact that Roman's thermometer was registering twelve degrees below zero when it fell from his benumbed fingers and was broken; and from the fact that he was compelled to discard his boots and wrap his feet in portions of blankets. In fact, as late as 1875, Roman told A. F. Rodgers, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey (Roman was the San Francisco agent for the sale of Coast Survey publications), that he had never entirely recovered from the effects of that terrible day on Shasta's summit.²⁰

Ironically enough, the man who had been able to survive the perils of a March storm on Shasta was fated to die at the age of seventy-five in a railroad accident near Point Reyes, June 21, 1903.²¹

The first woman to make the ascent of the mountain was probably Mrs. Olive Paddock Eddy, who, with her husband, Nelson Harvey Eddy, was one of the pioneer residents of Shasta Valley, and for whom Mount Eddy is named.²²

In connection with the first ascent by women, our old friend Captain Pearce again comes to the fore. He was the leader of a party which celebrated Admission Day (September 9), 1856, by scaling Mount Shasta.²³ In the group were five women and seven men,²⁴ and it is probable that Mrs. Eddy was the first of the women to reach the top, as popular tradition in the Shasta country has bestowed that honor upon her.

A few days after the appearance of the news of the ascent of

¹⁹ A. Roman: "The Beginnings of the Overland," in *Overland Monthly*, 2d ser., xxxii, 72-75, 1868; also, "The Genesis of the Overland Monthly," *ibid.*, ix, 220-222, 1902; also, A. H. Bent: "A Visit to the Higher Mountains of California and Colorado," in *Appalachia*, xiii, 105-III, 1914.

²⁰ A. F. Rogers: "Report to the Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey on the question of a signal or monument for the summit of Mount Shasta, Calif.," MS, United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C. (Photostat in the University of California library.)

²¹ *San Francisco Chronicle*, June 22, 1903.

²² H. L. Wells: *op. cit.*, p. 23.

²³ *Daily Evening Bulletin*, San Francisco, September 23, 1856. (Copied from the *Yreka Union* of September 16, 1856.)

²⁴ The women were Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. D. A. Lowry of Scott Valley, Mrs. Gage, and Mrs. J. White of Yreka, and Mrs. McLeod of Sacramento River. The men were Pearce, Gage, Stephens, Sparlin, Gordon, and two others whose names are not given.

Shasta by women, an anonymous contribution was made to the *Daily Evening Bulletin* of San Francisco—an article which, not only in the information contained therein, but also in style of writing bears sharp indication of John McKee's authorship—asserting that this was the first recorded ascent by women.²⁵

A great host of legends has grown up about Mrs. Eddy's achievement, many of them coming from the pens of casual visitors who picked up scraps of information and misinformation during their stay at the old Sisson Tavern. One account gives the year of her climb as 1853,²⁶ while another claims that Mrs. Eddy climbed the mountain for the first time in 1855 and made a practice to scale the monster to the top once every ten years on the decennial, making the ascent in 1855, 1865, 1875, and possibly even in 1885, after which her advanced age prevented any further mountain-climbing.²⁷

It is true that Mrs. Eddy made a second ascent of Mount Shasta, September 8, 1866, for the following interesting fragment appeared in the *Yreka Union* of September 15, 1866:

LADIES OF THE BUTTE.—Miss Libbie Edson and Mrs. Eddy, in company with a few gentlemen, made the ascent of Mount Shasta last Saturday. This is the second ascension of Mrs. Eddy, her first being in '54 [error for '56], since which time no ladies have attempted it.

Whether Mrs. Eddy made a third ascent in 1876 I cannot say. The *Yreka Herald* contains no account of such a climb, and I have been unable to examine the *Yreka Union* for that date. Her name does not appear in the original Shasta register,²⁸ though that is not positive proof that she did not climb the mountain that year. Many pages are missing from the old register, and it is also necessary to remember that not all climbers entered their names.

Here we should pause for a moment to take note of what seems almost undeniably to be a purely fictitious story—that of the poet

²⁵ *Daily Evening Bulletin*, October 2, 1856.

²⁶ M. H. McAllister: "History of Mount Shasta," in *Mount Shasta Herald*, June 10, 1926.

²⁷ F. J. Koch: "Scaling Mount Shasta," in *Overland Monthly*, 2d ser., xlix, 127-135, 1907.

²⁸ The original Mount Shasta register was placed on the summit by Mr. J. H. Sisson in 1868 and remained there until 1900, when it was removed by relatives of Mrs. Sisson. At the suggestion of Professor Theodore C. Burnett, of the physiology department of the University of California, Mrs. Sisson presented it to the University of California. It was added to the Bancroft collection of materials for the study of western American history.

Joaquin Miller, who claimed to have ascended Shasta in years variously given by himself as 1854 and 1858.²⁹

The story Joaquin Miller tells is really unique: how he had served as guide to some "traveling, self-important-looking missionaries in black clothes, spectacles, and beaver hats"; how the missionaries had failed to be impressed by the glory of Nature on all sides, caring only to recite prayers on the summit; how he had found them to be the "most selfish, sour, and ungrateful wretches on earth"; how they paid him for his services in prayers and sermons; how he hated those men, "so manifestly unfit for anything like a Christian act" and how the memory of that trip was so disgusting to him that he had never had the desire to repeat the venture.

There is no convincing evidence in his story to show anything more than a superficial knowledge of the topography of the mountain, which he might have gained from any of the early climbers. True, he mentions the boiling sulphur springs, albeit the account is so embellished as to lead the reader to expect a boiling lake or some other phenomenon of equal magnitude, instead of a few small fumaroles.

However, he states in the preface to a later work³⁰ that his *Life Amongst the Modocs* had been hastily dashed off while living in London, due to the fact that accounts of the Modoc war had reached England and the demand for books and stories about these Indians was very great. So, "in great haste, and with a confusion of fact and fiction, a volume was brought out by the Queen's publisher."

He goes on to say that "the author expected this book to quietly die when it had done its work; but, as it seems determined to outlive him, with all its follies and fictions, he has taken it severely in hand, cut off all its fictitious growth, and confined its leaves to the cold, frozen truth." From this latter work, the story of his ascent with the missionaries is conspicuously absent.

What is believed to have been the first "sunrise party" on the summit of Shasta was celebrated by N. C. Mayhew, a prominent citizen of Yreka, and a few companions in the summer of 1859.³¹ This feat has, of course, been duplicated on numerous occasions by subsequent parties.

²⁹ Joaquin Miller: *Life Among the Modocs*, 236-239. London, 1873; also, "The Story and Glory of Shasta," in *Sunset*, xi, 499-504, 1903.

³⁰ Joaquin Miller: *My Life Among the Indians*, vi-vii. Chicago, 1892.

³¹ H. L. Wells, *History of Siskiyou County*, 32.

The first attempt at an accurate measurement of the elevation of the summit of the mountain was made by William S. Moses, then president of the board of trustees of Yreka and later a resident of San Francisco, on August 21, 1861, in company with five other men.³² This episode is one of the best documented events in the history of Shasta. Noah Brooks, then associate editor of the *Marysville Appeal* and later of the *Alta California*, and writer of numerous works on American politics, contributed an account of his climb to the *Appeal*,³³ while Richard Goss Stanwood, a lumber-dealer of Marysville, kept an exceedingly interesting diary of the ascent, which has recently been published.³⁴

The six men, on the morning of August 20, left Strawberry Valley and climbed to a spot near the upper edge of the timber which they called Camp Ross after the wife of a Methodist minister of Yreka, who, a month before, had remained there while her husband made the ascent.³⁵ The men rested there until six o'clock in the evening, when they moved upward to a spot identifiable as the spring above the present Horse Camp, naming their new resting-place Camp Moses "in honor of the philosopher of the party." From this point, at ten minutes past nine, by moonlight, the party began the climb. Three men from the neighborhood of Strawberry Valley had also joined the group.

A detailed account of the ascent need not be given here. Suffice it to say that Moses and several others arrived on the summit ahead of the sun, though Stanwood and his companion did not reach the top until ten minutes after sunrise. The men found the miscellaneous collection of relics, including a scrap of paper bearing the signature of Mary J. White, September 9, 1856, spoken of before.

Moses, who had a set of instruments loaned him by the Smithsonian Institution, set to work to make a barometrical determination of the summit elevation. According to Moses's figures, the height of the summit of Shasta was "a little less than 14,000 feet"—or, to be exact, 13,905 feet,³⁶ though he sent his computations to Major

³² The other men besides Moses were R. G. Stanwood, Dr. T. T. Cabaniss, Mark Leonard, W. T. Odell, and Noah Brooks.

³³ N. Brooks: "Mount Shasta," in *Marysville Appeal*, August 29, 1861. (Partially reprinted in *Sacramento Daily Union*, September 4, 1861.)

³⁴ R. G. Stanwood: "An Ascent of Mount Shasta in 1861," in *California Historical Society Quarterly*, 69-76, 1927.

³⁵ J. D. Whitney also adopts the term Camp Ross. See *Geology*, vol. 1, 1865, 333-342.

³⁶ The version appearing in the *Sacramento Daily Union* of August 28, 1861, giving the figure of 13,995, is doubtless a typographical error.

Williamson of the Coast and Geodetic Survey for correction. Moses also took a bottle of the sulphur springs liquid for analysis, though no mention is made of the findings.

A variation of the account given by Stanwood and Brooks appears in Wells. Wells states that W. S. Moses, with a party from Deadwood consisting of C. H. Pyle, Brice C. Pennington, Wesley Morse, and Colonel Johnson, "and several others," made the ascent on August 21, 1861, arriving on the summit ten minutes before sunrise.³⁷ It will be noted that these names do not appear in Stanwood's narrative, and are presumably the men who joined the party just before the ascent, though Stanwood mentions but three, while here there are four.

A more important point of digression contained in Wells, however, concerns the elevation determined. Wells states that "Moses was on the mountain from sunrise till three o'clock August 21, 1861, and made eleven observations with an instrument furnished him by the Smithsonian Institute for that purpose, and fixed the height at 14,437 feet."

In all probability 14,437 feet represents Williamson's correction of Moses's figures,³⁸ though I have been unable to verify this point.

When the figure of 13,905, or 13,995 feet was announced as the elevation of the summit of Shasta, ridicule was heard on all sides, for it had been generally believed that the summit was from one thousand to five thousand feet higher. Typical of such disparaging comments was that of the *San Francisco Journal*, which remarked:

ALTITUDE OF MOUNT SHASTA.—Mr. W. S. Moses, of Yreka, who has been making immense preparations to measure Mount Shasta, has made out the altitude to be only 13,995. Nonsense, Mr. Moses, you have been using a last year's almanac. The altitude of Mount Shasta is nearer 19,000 feet.

To which the *Marysville Appeal* retorted:

A great deal you know about it, Mr. *Journal*. We have been there and can swear that the altitude is only 13,995 by the Holy Moses.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter, the fact remains that Moses made the first recorded attempt to measure with scientific

³⁷ H. L. Wells, *op. cit.*, 33.

³⁸ Whitney (*op. cit.*, 347) speaks of "a long series of observations, made by Mr. W. S. Moses, and worked out by Major Williamson."

accuracy the true height of the summit of Shasta—a matter concerning which speculation had been rife almost since the discovery of the mountain. The measurement was, of course, unofficial. Nevertheless, there was inaugurated in the following year an epoch of intensive study of the various scientific aspects of the mountain—a period of nearly half a century—in which such distinguished mountaineers and eminent scientists as John Muir, Clarence King, Josiah Dwight Whitney, and C. Hart Merriam were to play a conspicuous rôle.

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Southern California: SAMUEL MERRILL (*Chairman*), CONSTANCE EDGHIHL (*Secretary*), ROBERT J. SCHONBOHN (*Treasurer*), D. R. BROTHERS, PAULINE P. HUBBARD, ALICE E. KNAPP, WILLIAM J. MURRAY, PETER J. VAN OOSTING, R. CLIFFORD YOUNQUIST.

San Francisco Bay: HARRY HARTMAN (*Chairman*), MARJORIE HART (*Secretary*), MINNIE L. GUNZEL (*Treasurer*), MARIAN R. HART, LOUIS N. RICE, OPAL V. SHARMAN, LOREN B. TABER, LOY W. WESTERMANN, F. C. YOUNGBORG.

Riverside: DORIS P. ROWLANDS (*Chairman*), A. J. TWOGOOD (*Secretary*) EMERSON L. HOLY (*Treasurer*), CHARLES S. BACON, JR., SYLVIA CAMPIGLIA, LOUISE W. SCHMIDT, H. E. WILSON.

Loma Prieta: FRANK H. LEWIS (*Chairman*), LOTIE T. SHAFTER (*Secretary*), BERTRAM A. GAGE (*Treasurer*), ETHEL BOULWARE, FRANK B. DUVENECK, HONGRA McCARTY, JOHN V. YOUNG.

Assistant Secretary: VIRGINIA FERGUSON

SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

EDITORIAL BOARD

FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR	Editor
ANSEL ADAMS, ETHEL BOULWARE, NATHAN C. CLARK, GLEN DAWSON	
WALTER L. HUBER, FRANÇOIS E. MATTHES, MARION R. PARSONS	
ELMO A. ROBINSON	

REPORTS OF OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

TREASURER'S REPORT

To the Directors of the Sierra Club:

The following report on the finances of the Sierra Club for the year ended December 31, 1933, is respectfully submitted.

WALTER L. HUBER, Treasurer

Received:

GENERAL FUND

Dues from 271 new members at from \$2.00 to \$5.00	\$1,023.00
Dues from 1471 regular members at \$4.00	5,884.00
Dues for former years	660.00
Dues paid in advance	26.00
Dues at special rates	26.00
Total dues received	<u>\$7,619.00</u>
Income from Permanent Fund	781.59
Sale of SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN	73.10
Sale of <i>Place Names of the High Sierra</i>	18.84
Sale of <i>Ramblings Through the High Sierra</i>	40.01
Contribution by San Francisco Bay Chapter for new furniture and equipment	350.00
Sundry small receipts	<u>1.68</u>
Total miscellaneous receipts	<u>1,265.23</u>
Total received	<u><u>\$8,884.23</u></u>

Disbursed:

General Administration:

Salary of Assistant Secretary	\$1,380.00
Extra clerical help	67.90
Office and storeroom rent, Mills Tower	1,170.00
Office expense, postage, stationery, etc.	403.43
Telephone and telegraph	92.06
Election expenses	72.99
Traveling expenses—Directors' meeting	126.85
Insurance	<u>16.20</u>
	<u>\$3,329.43</u>

Sierra Club Bulletin:

Printing magazine number	\$2,974.00
Illustrations—photographs and plates	357.40
Mailing	<u>92.55</u>
Total (forward)	<u>3,423.95</u> <u>3,329.43</u>

General Fund (continued)

Sierra Club Bulletin (continued):

Total (forward)	\$3,423.95	\$3,329.43
Less receipts from advertisements	150.00	
Net cost of magazine number	3,273.95	
Printing bi-monthly numbers	230.70	
Mailing	146.30	
		3,650.95
Chapters:		
Southern California	\$ 743.75	
San Francisco Bay	423.25	
Riverside	67.75	
Loma Prieta	50.75	
		1,285.50
Miscellaneous:		
Library	\$ 64.82	
Dues to other organizations	12.00	
Taxes	50.10	
San Francisco local walks schedules	71.25	
Muir Shelter plaque	28.00	
New furniture and equipment	373.04	
		599.21
Total disbursed		\$8,865.09

Summary:

Total received	\$8,884.22
Balance December 31, 1932	578.90
Total	\$9,463.12
Total disbursed	\$8,865.09

Balance December 31, 1933:

Crocker First National Bank	566.14
Crocker First Federal Trust Company	6.89
Office cash fund	25.00
	\$ 598.03

Received:

PERMANENT FUND

Six new life memberships	\$ 300.00
Balance December 31, 1932	19,458.25

\$19,758.25

Disbursed: No disbursements.*Balance December 31, 1933:*

Crocker First Federal Trust Company, savings account	\$ 6,805.75
Bonds (par value \$13,000)	12,952.50
	\$19,758.25

SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

ROBERT S. GILLETT FUND

Balance December 31, 1933:

Bond (par value)	\$1,000.00
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MEMORIAL LODGE FUND

Balance December 31, 1933:

Bonds (par value)	\$5,000.00
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Received:

LODGE CURRENT FUND

Income from investments—Gillett Fund and Memorial Lodge Fund	\$ 275.00
Balance December 31, 1932	407.89
	\$ 682.89

Disbursed:

Shasta Lodge expenses	450.00
Less contributions	265.00
Net expense	185.00
Salary of Le Conte Memorial Lodge custodian	150.00
Federal tax06
Total disbursed	335.06

Balance December 31, 1933:

Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Company	\$ 347.83
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Received:

NATIONAL PARKS FUND

Interest on savings account	\$ 72.27
Balance December 31, 1932	2,206.47
	\$2,278.74

Disbursed: No disbursements.*Balance December 31, 1933:*

Crocker First Federal Trust Company, savings account	\$2,278.74
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SUMMARY OF FUND BALANCES

Funds:	Dec. 31, 1932	Net Change	Dec. 31, 1933
General	\$ 578.90	+ \$ 19.13	\$ 598.03
Permanent	19,458.25	+ 300.00	19,758.25
Gillett	1,000.00	1,000.00
Memorial Lodge	5,000.00	5,000.00
Lodge Current	407.89	- 60.05	347.84
National Parks	2,206.47	+ 72.27	2,278.74
Total	\$28,651.51	+ \$331.35	\$28,982.86

SAN FRANCISCO BAY CHAPTER

The year 1933 for the San Francisco Bay Chapter has been one of considerable activity on an ever-expanding scale. Several revisions were made in our by-laws, the most important increasing the size of the Executive Committee to nine, all members to be elected annually. The conservative management of our finances and the resulting accumulation of funds since the formation of the chapter enabled us to contribute \$350 toward completion of the furnishings for the new club-rooms.

The Local Walks Committee, under chairmanship of the writer, succeeded by Mr. Loy Westermann, scheduled walks and trips for each Sunday and the several holidays. These are arranged to provide the greatest appeal to the largest number. An innovation was a triple-header, the groups meeting at a central point for lunch. Some of the outstanding daily trips included the Santa Clara Valley Blossom trip and the John Muir Pilgrimage. Two evening moonlight hikes were conducted, along the Sausalito Hills and the San Francisco Bay shore. The chapter has endeavored to do its part in the maintenance and preservation of trails by having two trail-days. A total of fourteen overnight trips was scheduled during this period, the great majority being outdoor camping trips. Some of the spots revisited, and some new places, included trips to Deer Flat on the side of Mount Diablo; Milliken Cañon; Livermore Mountains; Big Sur, the site of a proposed state park; Swanton's in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Of interest because of its accessibility and convenience was the four-day trip scheduled in Warner Cañon in the Tamalpais country. By special arrangement we were again permitted to stage our annual High Trip Reunion in Muir Woods. This was featured by a camp-fire entertainment in the form of a pageant, called "Spirit of the Times," given under the direction and supervision of Mr. Fred C. Youngberg. It attracted one of the largest turnouts that the chapter has ever had. The Rock Climbing Section, headed by Chairman Richard M. Leonard, has developed into a well-integrated group, and their trips are now included in our schedule.

The Educational Committee (Jesse K. Brown, Chairman) brought to the members a number of outstanding events. Of very particular interest were the lectures by Superintendent Harry J. Liek, of Mount McKinley National Park, on "The Climbing of Mount McKinley"; "Exploring the Amazon by Raft and Canoe," by Ynez Mexia; "A Trip to the Lake Region of the Andes and Patagonia," by Professor Bailey Willis; and a lecture by Ansel F. Hall on "The Geological Exploration of the Yosemite High Sierra." The foregoing lectures were all held at the P. G. & E. Auditorium, which in every instance was filled to capacity. In addition there were a number of evening programs devoted to talks and movies on winter sports, Carlsbad Cavern, Alaska, and Jasper National Park; the South Seas, New Zealand and Australia; an astronomical lecture; and an evening devoted to vacation pictures and talks by a number of our own members.

Our social activities, which complete our general program, were conducted by an able Entertainment Committee under the chairmanship of Miss Myra Gibson. All these affairs were well supported, and included the Christmas and

Hallowe'en parties. Other events were an ice-skating party, a number of dances, and a bridge party. In the spring an indoor dinner and camp-fire program was arranged, and in the fall the outdoor dinner and camp-fire program was held, by courtesy of the San Francisco Recreation Commission, at the new Sigmund Stern Memorial Grove. The chapter repeated its musical, in keeping with Music Week. The Thanksgiving Dinner at Tamalpais Tavern, so successfully inaugurated two years ago, was again enjoyed by a large group.

One of the hardest-working committees this past year has been the Membership Committee, under the chairmanship of Miss Marian Hart. It is gratifying to find that, despite the adverse conditions prevailing, the chapter membership is the largest in its history, and that there was an actual increase in the number of members, after deducting losses by resignation and those dropped for non-payment of dues.

Assistance was rendered in the formation of the new Loma Prieta Chapter, and it was arranged to permit members living in San Mateo County, from Burlingame south, to join the Loma Prieta Chapter if they so desired.

HARRY HARTMAN

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER

For the year 1933 the Southern California Chapter is again pleased to report a well-balanced program of activities in many different lines. Special stress has been given to our latest activity of skiing. Local hikes, skating, tennis, and dancing have all been well supported throughout the entire year. In fact, there has been a distinct gain in the number of members attending each of these activities.

Many refinements have been planned by the Harwood Lodge Committee, financing these projects from the receipts of parties and other activities. It would be impossible in a brief space to mention all of these, but most outstanding is the completion of the cellar, which is designed for the storing of firewood and of surplus supplies. This was accomplished entirely by volunteer labor, and it is a source of great pleasure for the Southern California Chapter to know that sufficient firewood for the entire season can easily be stored in a dry place under lock and key.

The Muir Lodge Committee has likewise carried out several small projects, the total of which has made the Muir Lodge more attractive and more comfortable. The automobile road up the cañon has been completed to within a comparatively short distance of the lodge, making it much more available to those whose time is limited.

A significant innovation has been introduced into the Southern California Chapter in the formation of a Junior Section, which is bringing into closer relationship the children of the present members as well as a great many high-school and university students, who previously felt their interests were not as well taken care of as they might be. These juniors have sponsored one or two local rock-climbing trips and a party at Harwood Lodge, and have in many ways demonstrated that they will make a valuable contribution to the activities of the club in a short time.

The Annual Camp-Fire held in Griffith Park, for the benefit of those who intend to go on the High Sierra Outing, was a successful event. The chapter was pleased to have our president, Mr. Farquhar, present on that occasion.

The Annual Banquet was held at the Elks' Club, with a fine turn-out of about 185, showing the great interest that some of the less inactive members of the club are taking in the affairs of the chapter. On this occasion Mr. Colby was our guest and speaker.

A joint trip with the other chapters was planned for the Easter vacation week with the culminating event an encampment in the Santa Lucia Mountains at the foot of Junipero Serra Peak. It is hoped that this will be the first of a series of similar trips carried out jointly by the several chapters supplementing the regular annual outings.

D. R. BROTHERS

RIVERSIDE CHAPTER

The Riverside Chapter has had an extremely interesting first year. On October 10, 1932, the organization meeting was held with fifty-three people present. Phil S. Bernays, then president of the Sierra Club, Ernest Dawson, D. R. Brothers, and Tyler Van Degrift were present at this meeting, and each gave short talks on various phases of the Sierra Club. Before December 1, 1932, there were fifty-one members in the Riverside Chapter. At the annual meeting, held in San Francisco, December 3, 1932, the Directors of the Sierra Club accepted the Riverside group as a chapter. At present there are sixty members in the chapter.

During the first year, the Riverside Chapter has had twenty-four trips. Several high mountains (San Antonio, San Gorgonio, and Santiago) have been climbed, as well as some that are not so high. Trips have been taken to the desert and to the coast. The moonlight hikes and steak-bakes have attracted quite a group each time, often bringing in new members. The five-day trip to Death Valley and Hoover Dam over New Year's, 1932-33, was the longest one of the year.

November 4, 1932, Nathan Clark showed his motion pictures of the 1932 "High Trip" to an audience of fifty-one. On April 3, 1933, at a membership meeting, President Bernays and D. R. Brothers (Chairman of the Southern California Chapter) were speakers, and H. H. Bliss, of the Riverside Junior College, showed some very fine slides of pictures he had taken in the Sierra.

The dinner meetings, held once a month, have been well attended. At these meetings the leaders of trips in that month make announcements regarding their trips, and the assistant leaders take reservations. Especially interesting trips of the month before are reported. Also, lectures of interest to Sierra Club members are often given, illustrated by motion-pictures or slides.

For the coming year, the Riverside Chapter, among many things, wishes to develop greater interest in winter sports, to help the Southern California Chapter in its improvements at Harwood Lodge, and also hopes to increase the activity of the chapter members in some of the larger aspects of the Sierra Club as a whole.

The enthusiasm and coöperation on the part of the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club, the Southern California Chapter, and the San Francisco Bay Chapter for the Riverside Chapter while it was starting, and ever since, are greatly appreciated, and it is the desire of the Riverside Chapter to extend this same friendly spirit in every way to them and to the latest chapter to form, the Loma Prieta Chapter.

DORIS PRICE ROWLANDS

LOMA PRIETA CHAPTER

Loma Prieta Chapter finished the past year with a record which establishes it as an interesting means of education and recreation to residents of Santa Clara County. The early part of the year was spent in preliminary work with the Sierra Club members and in making contact with prospective new members. Several well-attended walks were held and three lectures with pictures were given, with the coöperation of the San Jose State College Hiking Group.

On June 18, 1933, members met at Hidden Villa Ranch near Los Altos and formed a permanent organization under the name of "Loma Prieta Chapter." Our first schedule of walks, coinciding as to time with the San Francisco Bay Chapter program, was issued July 1st, with events at two-week intervals. Walks have been exceptionally well attended throughout the year, with more than 750 persons participating in 24 trips, or an average of about 32 per trip. Members and visitors have been in the proportion of about 40 and 60 per cent, respectively. Publicity in local papers has been particularly fine, with a preliminary notice regarding the trip and often a report as to attendance and other points of interest regarding the region visited.

We are finding unlimited and varied country for our walks, with the Santa Cruz Mountains and the Mount Hamilton Range close at hand, and the rugged Monterey County section at an ideal distance for holiday trips. An effort has been made, in planning our schedule, to arrange joint trips with the San Francisco Bay Chapter, and we appreciate the coöperation we have received from the San Francisco members. The new year will undoubtedly see more of these events.

Twenty-four new members during the year offer a real argument for chapter activities, and the continued large percentage of visitors on our local walks shows increased interest in the Sierra Club and its purposes. New faces will undoubtedly appear on the High Trip and new personalities will add to the enjoyment of that event of the year.

The new year is here, and with it come plans and suggestions which promise exceptional opportunities for all interested in the purposes of the Sierra Club. Join with us, you who have not hiked the trail for many days, and enjoy the beauty of the hills and valleys so near at hand.

FRANK H. LEWIS

SHASTA ALPINE LODGE

The lodge was opened June 22, 1933, the late opening being due to the cold spring weather more than to a heavy snowfall the previous winter. The summer was characterized by an evenness of temperature, the range being from

50° to 77°; also an absence of frost and precipitation. There were only two light showers, giving less than an inch of rain, and no freezing from June 25th until September 10th. The snow was late in coming, arriving this year early in November, its usual date being early September, so the lodge was not closed until October 23d.

We had 522 visitors, 150 of them being men from the CCC camps, who flocked in crowds varying from 10 to over 40. Very few club members visited, giving evidence that the lodge is maintained more for the use of the public than for the club members who maintain it. Noted in the line of improvements: a trail was cleared of stones for a mile from the lodge, upward, to facilitate the descent, especially for those who return in darkness, as it is difficult to travel over rough rocky steps by night. Also, the causeway of flag-stones leading upward from the lodge was extended till it now reaches 2900 feet from the lodge and is pronounced by all a great help for climbers, several of whom helped with a will to further it toward the summit.

Again, for the third successive year, no snow was visible at the lodge. Forty-eight years ago, when I first saw Shasta, the line of perpetual snow was where the lodge now stands; since then it has receded two miles up the mountain. There has been only one summer since the lodge was built when the snow has remained below the lodge until August—namely, 1927—when we had snow within twenty minutes' walk from the lodge until the winter snows began.

Receipts:

Sierra Club	\$185.00
M. Hall McAllister	100.00
Mount Shasta City	100.00
McCloud River Lumber Company	25.00
Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors	25.00
Placer County Board of Supervisors	15.00
Total Receipts	\$450.00

Expenditures:

Custodian's salary (J. M. Olberman)	\$300.00
Pack-train and mail-carrier, weekly	150.00
Total Expenditures	\$450.00

J. M. OLBERMAN, Custodian

M. HALL MCALLISTER, for the Lodge Committee

LE CONTE LODGE

The lodge was opened on the regular date, May 1, 1933, and closed the middle of September, although after that time there was someone in attendance to admit club members and such others as expressed a desire to see the interior. The early part of the popular season was most disappointing, as, except for a few brief intervals, inclement weather prevailed from late April into June, with rain and occasional light snow-falls. On May 21st the upper Yosemite Fall was encased in ice. The stormy weather occasioned much dis-

comforture among the occupants of the public camps, which, as in the previous year had filled early in the season, so the hospitality of our roof with its glowing fireplace was much appreciated. There was little activity on the south side of the valley until Camp Curry opened, May 25th, and its camp across the road from the lodge became populated. More than the usual number of club members dropped in during the summer, and on several occasions we were able to accommodate in our camp small groups on their way to and from the upper country. At the dedication of the tunnel on the new Wawona road, a colorful pageant was featured at the lower exit, in which various characters of earlier days were represented, among them Joseph Le Conte and John Muir.

F. C. HOLMAN, Custodian

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NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

THE SEARCH FOR WALTER A. STARR, JR.

On the evening of July 29, 1933, Walter A. Starr, Jr., left San Francisco for a vacation trip in the High Sierra, starting out over the Tioga Road, destination not known. He had made a tentative plan to meet his father on August 7th at Glacier Lodge, near Big Pine, Inyo County, and when he did not arrive there, after waiting until August 9th, his father left for home with a feeling of anxiety, but with the conclusion that his son had perhaps changed his plans, and had decided not to come out to Glacier Lodge from the high mountain country. Starr was due to return home on August 13th, and when he did not make an appearance at his office on the morning of the 14th, his father became convinced that some serious accident must have befallen him.

The first problem was to locate Starr's automobile. By noon a description of the car had been sent out through the State Police, Highway Patrol, Forest Rangers, and the Sheriffs of Mono and Inyo counties. Meanwhile Mr. Francis P. Farquhar, of the Sierra Club, had located several members of the club known for their ability as climbers and mountaineers, who, with great loyalty and unselfishness, held themselves in readiness to start on the search whenever the call should come.

At about 7 o'clock that evening word was received that the car had been found at Agnew Meadow, thirteen miles over the pass from Mammoth, Mono County, and also that Starr's camp had been located near Lake Ediza, which lies under the east side of Mount Ritter. The fact that the location of the camp was reported with that of the car was afterward explained. It seems that two miners living below Lake Ediza had noticed the abandoned camp a week before, and had reported the matter several times—so they said. Investigation afterward disclosed that knowledge of the abandoned camp was general about Agnew Meadow and it was said to have been reported to rangers. However, for some unexplained reason, no investigation of the matter had been made. Starr's name and address were on papers in his camp outfit, and so identified him.

On receipt of the telegram reporting the car, a wire was sent to Glen Dawson, of Los Angeles, who left soon after, with Dick Jones, by auto for Mammoth. Two cars left Oakland with Jules Eichorn, Lowell Hardy, Whiting Welch, Mike Sutro, Allan Starr, and W. A. Starr, Sr., headed for Mammoth by way of Sonora Pass. Driving through the night, all arrived at Mammoth Ranger Station at about 7 A.M., August 15th, and there found that Chief Ranger Douglas Robinson had started out a searching party of twelve men and camp outfit for Lake Ediza at 3:30 A.M.

Lowell Hardy and Whiting Welch remained with Chief Robinson at the station to act in keeping contact between the searching party and the outside, and to see that needed supplies were sent out. Mike Sutro started back, driving Starr's abandoned car. Eichorn, Dawson, Jones, Allan Starr, and

Starr, Sr., were driven over to Agnew Meadow, and from there set out on foot for Lake Ediza with two mules carrying their outfit, and on arrival there, about 3 P.M., found the Mammoth searching party camp established and the men out covering the country in the vicinity of the lake. This party spent the next three days exploring the country below and east of the Minarets and Mount Ritter and the divide separating the Lake Ediza basin and Garnet Lake, and did an efficient piece of work under the direction of Officer M. G. Nicholl, of Bridgeport. It was not considered likely that Starr would be found in the country thus covered; but it at least eliminated the lower country and allowed the men capable of doing the more difficult climbing of the peaks to concentrate on that work, where it was considered most likely Starr had met with an accident while climbing.

Shortly after dark on the 15th, Norman Clyde and Oliver Kehrlein arrived at the Lake Ediza camp, having hastened from Glacier Lodge, below the Palisades, where they had been exploring the glacier. Their arrival made it possible to form four climbing parties, and it was decided to reach the summits of Banner, Ritter, and the main Minarets on the first day for possible clues. Starr's camera was found in his abandoned camp and the exposed film was taken out and sent down to Mammoth for development, in order to get the pictures which would eliminate the country shown in the exposures from the search. During the afternoon a plane carrying Francis Farquhar as observer circled about Banner, Ritter, and the Minarets several times. The flight was repeated the following morning. It was hoped that if Starr were alive a signal might be seen.

The climbers were off at 6 A.M. the morning of the 16th. Douglas Robinson, Jr., and Lilburn Norris, of Mammoth, climbed Ritter by a route up the east side of the mountain, pointed out to them as one known to have been taken before by Starr. They succeeded in reaching the summit and found that Starr had registered there on the 31st of July, saying that he had used crampons and ice-axe, having crossed the glacier. As both were in his camp, it was evident that he had returned safely from Ritter.

W. A. Starr, Sr., and his son Allan Starr climbed Banner, going up the southeast side by way of the saddle and down the west side, searching the two glaciers, and returning around the north and east base of the mountain across the heads of Thousand Island and Garnet lakes. It was found that Starr had not registered on the summit of Banner. Norman Clyde and Oliver Kehrlein climbed up to the glacier on the northeast side of Clyde's (or Highest) Minaret, where they searched the crevasses and bergschrund. Proceeding to upper Iceberg Lake on the east side of Clyde's Minaret, they found what appeared to be a place where a climber had rested on the short grass, and picked up a piece of handkerchief, afterward identified as one of Starr's, which had been used to tie up a cut finger. Clyde and Kehrlein followed a line of ducks which took them up a daring route on Clyde's Minaret. They were recent. One duck had been placed on grass which was still fresh underneath. Climbing to the summit they found no record, although Starr was known to have climbed this minaret before. Jules Eichorn, Dick Jones, and

Glen Dawson climbed together from the west side of the Minarets, which Dawson reported on as follows:

On the 16th, Jules, Dick Jones, and I crossed Michael's notch to the west side of the Minarets. We climbed a fine high pinnacle on the main crest of the Minarets under the impression we were climbing Leonard's Minaret. We went down a different chute to the one we went up. We next went up the first chute north of Michael's, finding evidence of a recent big slide. Near the top of the chute we came across a line of ducks and a half-smoked cigarette, of the brand that Starr was accustomed to smoke. We followed the ducks to a point below the two large spires north of Michael's Minaret and draining into Michael's chimney. Jules and I hurried up Michael's Minaret, but found no evidence of anyone having been there since our previous climb with Brem in 1931. Heavy storms made further investigation inadvisable. We went down Michael's chimney roping down over the "ladder with the lower rungs missing." We returned to camp over a big gap north of the notch and slid down a small glacier.

On the 17th, Jules and I went up the second chute north of Michael's chimney. We found the apparent beginning of the ducks. Some were very wobbly. None of them were down. The ducks were usually of three stones, although one at the head of the first chute north of Michael's chimney was quite large. We saw indistinct footprints in one place. These ducks connected with the ones we saw the day before. The line of ducks was made by an experienced route-finder. Jules and I both admired the excellence of the route. We climbed Third Minaret, but found no trace of Starr or of his ever having been there. We returned by a chute between Third and Fourth minaret, the lower part of which was the same as we had come up.

Dick Jones and one of the CCC boys who climbed Ritter (Lilburn Norris) went down to timber in Dike Creek, but found no clues. Jules and I went around Michael's Minaret over a ridge to a lake. We did so in order to climb up the chimney going down east from the portal, since we could only see the upper part from above. We went down to a lake up another ridge from where we could have climbed Clyde's Minaret from the south in a short time and without any great difficulty. We went down a chute, doing a 50-foot rope-down over a huge chockstone (the Minarets are full of chockstones). We met Clyde and Kehrlein searching near Upper Iceberg Lake. We were stumped. As I write this I can't understand it. Lines of ducks lead to near the summit of two major summits of the Minarets, but no signatures on top; Starr usually wrote lengthy accounts in registers I have seen.

We seemed to give up the search rather suddenly. However, I don't know how much value further search would be. It is like trying to find a needle in a haystack. I urged Mr. Starr to let Clyde stay on, and I hope the mystery may some day be solved.

Cliff Youngquist talked with Starr about August 2d at Lake Ediza. Starr said he was going to cross Minaret Pass and climb the north Minaret. I don't know what that means. The news was sent in to Clyde and I don't know what more we could do except perhaps climb the northern Minaret and Leonard's Minaret. However, I don't understand why Starr should climb any small stuff unless he had already climbed Clyde's and Michael's.

On the 18th, Clyde, Eichorn, Dawson, Kehrlein, and Jones climbed and searched the east face of Banner on the theory that Starr might have tried

that route which had been climbed but once before by Jules Eichorn. In the late afternoon all walked out to Agnew Meadow with Mr. Starr, except Norman Clyde, who remained at the Lake Ediza Camp to continue the search alone on the Minarets. The boys of the Mammoth searching party had already given up the search and had returned to Mammoth.

Norman Clyde reported his search on the succeeding days, August 19th to 25th, as follows:

Aug. 19th: Went up to ridge north of Iceberg Lake leading westward toward what appeared to be Leonard's Minaret, followed ridge westward to base of this Minaret and across a glacier north of it to a wide "U" notch; climbed the Minaret from the notch, but found no evidence; passed through notch and skirted base of Minarets on west side until abreast of Michael's notch through which I passed and returned to camp. Came to conclusion that Walter had not been north of Michael's notch; became somewhat suspicious of the northwest face of Michael's Minaret when I examined it with glasses.

Aug. 20th: Searched carefully around lake on Minaret Pass for trace of a bivouac. Finding none, descended to the lake beyond the pass and searched about it. No evidence of any kind found.

Aug. 21st: In camp.

Aug. 22d: Ascended to the east base of Highest (Clyde's) Minaret and thoroughly searched about the base of that Minaret. Followed the line of ducks (found in the previous search) leading up the northeast face of this Minaret. Found that they terminated on the arête running northeast from the summit. Continued to summit and examined cairns carefully for evidence, but found none. Followed a zigzag course down the mountain alternating between the northeast and north faces, using glasses frequently and examining the glacier bergschrund carefully with them. Conclusion: Convinced that Walter had climbed to the summit, in spite of fact no evidence found there; convinced that he did not fall or otherwise come to grief on the northeast face of Clyde's Minaret, and that there was little reason to think that an accident had happened to him on the north face; but if one did that he had fallen into the bergschrund, which was possible, but not probable. I considered the Highest (Clyde's) Minaret and Minarets north of Michael's notch eliminated.

Aug. 23d: Went around over glacier southeast of Highest Minaret, through notch and around to cirque south of the Minarets, examining all faces carefully with glasses, seeing nothing. On return climbed Minaret immediately southeast of notch, then passed through notch and searched about.

Aug. 24th: In camp. Concluded that in the time available Walter Starr would in all probability have contemplated climbing both the Highest (Clyde's) and Michael's Minarets.

Aug. 25th: Left camp early, climbed up through Michael's notch and continued southwest along the west base of Minarets to the southwest base of Michael's Minaret. Ascended a cliff in the west face of the Minaret at first to look around but presently concluded that a ledge would probably lead from this shoulder into the upper portion of Michael's chute, so I continued climbing. Found a ledge and followed it around into the chute, the floor of which is reached just above a forty-foot drop-off. Continued up to within about two hundred feet of the notch, at head of the chute, and then began to climb the face. Abandoned this and continued up to notch, and from there climbed to top of Minaret. After remaining on summit about half an hour sweeping the other Minarets with glasses began the

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descent, constantly scanning the northwest face. Arriving at the notch examined that face from there but saw nothing. Walked out a few yards along a ledge leading northwestward and looked up. Saw the body lying on a ledge about fifty yards distant across the head of the chute in a southwesterly direction and slightly higher than the notch. Returned to Mammoth and wired the news to Mr. Starr.

Jules Eichorn, Douglas Robinson, Jr., Lilburn Norris, Ranger Mace, and W. A. Starr, Sr., returned with Norman Clyde to Lake Ediza on August 29th. The next day they climbed to the west side of Michael's Minaret. Eichorn and Clyde were successful in climbing to the ledge where the body lay. Starr had met instantaneous death by a fall of some three hundred feet from near the top of Michael's Minaret. On a narrow ledge below lay his watch, badly damaged, with the hands standing at 4:30. On a narrow ledge above was evidence of a large rock having recently struck. This, with other evidence, pointed clearly to the fact that a large slab of rock must have broken away as Starr clung to it in climbing, and, hinging outward at the base, had thrown him clear of the face until he struck the ledge several hundred feet below.

It was fitting that the body was entombed on the ledge where it fell. The earthly remains of this lover of the Sierra have become a part of the mountain.

RELOCATION OF TIOGA ROAD

Report of the Executive Committee of the Sierra Club on the Proposed Relocation of the Tioga Road, Yosemite National Park

The advisability of relocating the central portion of the Tioga Road, extending from the vicinity of White Wolf to Tuolumne Meadows, has been submitted to the Executive Committee of the Sierra Club for consideration and recommendation. The committee desires to express its appreciation to the officials of the National Park Service, who coöperated so heartily in submitting the essential data to the committee and in furnishing pack-trains and saddle-animals and commissary for inspection of the so-called "High Line" route.

Two routes were under consideration: (1) The so-called "High Line" route, which involves an entire departure for the entire length from the existing Tioga Road; and (2) a realignment of the existing Tioga Road.

THE "HIGH LINE" ROUTE

This proposed route would take the road on a comparatively easy grade, starting from White Wolf and extending up the ridges and sides of cañons which extend in the direction of the Ten Lakes Basin, reaching the high plateau land (9500 ft.) immediately west of the Ten Lakes Basin; the proposed route, then passing around the end of a promontory jutting out toward the Tuolumne Cañon, drops into and crosses through the basin from east to west, rising in elevation (about 9500 ft.), and enters the cañon of the South Fork of Cathedral Creek by rounding another promontory, also jutting out toward the Tuolumne Cañon. The route then follows a considerable distance up the South Fork Cañon, dropping in elevation, and climbs out of the South Fork onto the high ground lying immediately northerly of Tuolumne Peak,

and, after keeping an elevation of over 9000 feet for some distance, swings to the south and then to the east, joining the present Tioga Road location about two miles west of Tuolumne Meadows.

All of the members of the committee were tremendously impressed with the magnificence of the scenic outlook commanded by the proposed High Line Road. The panoramic views of the Grand Cañon of the Tuolumne and its tributary gorges, as well as of the striking region lying north of the Tuolumne and culminating in Sawtooth Ridge and other jagged portions of the crest of the Sierra bounding the northern part of the Park, are unsurpassed. They would give the motorist a comprehensive idea of the major features of the northern portion of the Yosemite National Park which it would be impossible to gain in any other way in so brief a time. If this were the only consideration, the balance of desirability would preponderate heavily in favor of the High Line route. This route would also open up to motor travel some very beautiful camp-sites in Ten Lakes Basin, and also on two of the southerly forks of Cathedral Creek.

There are, however, serious disadvantages in the selection of this route. While there are no accurate data available extending over a period of years, by which the relative amount of snowfall and the periods during which it remains on the ground can be determined, as between the High Line and Low Line route, it is axiomatic that in any portion of the Sierra a terrain of approximately a thousand feet greater elevation lying on the northeasterly slopes of mountain mass, as is the case with the High Line route, will have a greater average snowfall, and that the snow will remain longer on the ground, and that the usability of a road passing through this area will be handicapped to this extent. During the past nearly forty years members of the committee have observed snow conditions on both routes and have actually been in Ten Lakes Basin. Their observations on these occasions confirm the belief that the High Line route cannot be used for motor traffic as early as the other route, and that it will cost considerably more to free it of snow and prepare it for travel.

One of the most serious obstacles is presented by an avalanche condition, the results of which are plainly evident in the South Fork Cañon of Cathedral Creek. There is every indication that at one point in particular heavy avalanches have in the past swept down across the proposed line of route from a considerable basin above where the snow collects in large quantities during a heavy winter. Not only would it be necessary to tunnel through heavy drifts of snow in a season of great snowfall, but there would also be the danger of an avalanche coming from this basin even after the road had been opened for travel. In such heavy winters as the winters of 1905-1906 and 1906-1907, it is doubtful whether a High Line route road could have been opened to travel until late midsummer.

While the committee is not primarily concerned with the cost of construction of this road, since this is an economic factor to be considered primarily by the Federal Government, nevertheless, it is obvious that the High Line route would involve far greater financial expenditure. It is the opinion of the

engineering member of this committee that the High Line route would cost more than twice as much as the Low Line relocation.

Another factor which merits consideration is that of unnecessarily extending roads into wild portions of the park, when it is the primary object underlying the establishment of these parks, to preserve something of what John Muir has so aptly called "pure wildness." In his estimation the Ten Lakes Basin was one of the most exquisite bits of scenery in the entire park. To project a modern motor road, carrying increasing travel directly through this basin from one side to the other, would destroy it as a primitive bit of natural scenery. The same would be true of the cañons of the southerly forks of Cathedral Creek, traversed by the proposed route. If it were a question of extending an essential road through this portion of the park in the first instance, the sacrifice might be justified; but there is certainly not the same justification for building an entirely new road when there is one already existing between the same terminal points.

There is also the objection of scarring the landscape unnecessarily. It is true that the line of this higher route would not be observable to any great degree except from a comparatively few places on the trails to the north of the Tuolumne Cañon; but the immediate defacement of granite walls, both in the Ten Lakes Basin and in the South Fork of Cathedral Creek Cañon, would be conspicuous from those areas.

THE "LOW LINE" ROUTE

This route is a proposed relocation of the existing Tioga Road on better grades at Yosemite Creek, and also at Snow Flat and vicinity, especially the drop into Tenaya Lake. The advantage of relocating the existing Tioga Road along this lower route has already been expressed in a negative way in connection with the consideration of the High Line route. The lower route would mean the opening of the road at an earlier date, less cost of clearing it of snow, and longer grades with fewer turns. While it is true that snow conditions in the vicinity of Snow Flat are serious during a year of heavy snowfall, it is certain that the road that would have to be cleared of snow would not approach the length which would have to be cleared on the High Line route. More important than all else, there would not be any great accumulation of snow resulting from avalanche conditions on the Low Line road.

The cost of realigning the Low Line route would be far less—probably less than half as much—than to build the High Line route.

There are more camp-sites and available camp areas along the Low Line route than on the higher route. These have already been opened to public use, and their continued use does not involve entering upon the destruction of existing wild areas, as is the case with the High Line route.

Objection has been made that the Low Line stretch of the existing Tioga Road is uninteresting. The Low Line route passes through a more heavily forested area than the High Line route, and, taken as a whole, the views from it are not as commanding. Nevertheless, the Low Line route possesses very attractive features. The forests of Red Fir (*Abies magnifica*) on the route are unsurpassed in the entire Sierra, the stretches of wild-flower-covered

meadows in the vicinity of Porcupine Flat, the titanic buttresses of the Mount Hoffmann uplift, the glimpses of Half Dome and other well-known Yosemite points, the exquisite vistas of Lake Tenaya both on the descent and along its shores, the domes and sculptured walls of that basin, are all of outstanding importance. In any realignment of this route there will be abundant opportunity for improving its scenic outlook.

The function of the Tioga Road must be not only to enable travelers to reach the Tuolumne Meadows and the eastern portion of the park readily and with comfort, but also to care for those who desire to use this highway as a trans-Sierra road. These are the primary factors involved, and the committee, taking into consideration all of the advantages and disadvantages, is unanimously of the opinion that it is vitally essential to keep the "Low Line" route in use. Accordingly, we recommend that construction of the "High Line," with its many doubtful problems, be indefinitely postponed, and that the Tioga Road be improved along the lower line as soon as possible.

Respectfully submitted.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE SIERRA CLUB

FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR, President

ERNEST DAWSON, Vice-President

WM. E. COLBY, Secretary

WALTER L. HUBER, Treasurer

DUNCAN McDUFFIE, Additional Member

[Approved by Action of the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club]

SKI-EXPLORATION IN YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

BY LEWIS F. CLARK

Fifty-five miles across Yosemite Park on skis, in five days, summarize statistically an interesting exploration trip made last February for the purpose of investigating the ski-terrain at the headwaters of the MacLure Fork of the Merced, and observing the conditions on the Mount MacLure and Mount Lyell glaciers. The party comprised Bestor Robinson, Oliver Kehrlein, Lewis F. Clark, and Robert Ratcliff, and represented the Winter Sports Committee and the Glacier Study Committee of the Sierra Club.

Shouldering fifty-pound packs, we left Happy Isles on Thursday morning, February 22d, buckled on skis while zigzagging up the Nevada Falls Trail, followed the general line of the Merced Gorge Trail and Vogelsang Pass Trail to Bernice Lake, thence south across country toward Mount Lyell. In the Little Yosemite we ran into one of the stormiest periods of the winter, and had to break trail in deep heavy snow practically the entire route. On the first and third nights we bedded on the snow under a light tent; the second and fourth nights were spent in the comparatively luxurious comfort of the Merced Lake ranger station, through the courtesy of the Park Superintendent. Four of the five days we traveled for a few hours at least amid the beauty of virgin snowscapes scintillating under the wintry sun, but every day fresh snow fell, to an aggregate depth of about four feet.

Sealskins or rope-socks on the skis enabled us to climb, slowly, steadily, rhythmically, across the smooth expanse of snow. In the high rocky valley south of Bernice Lake we noticed particularly that the going was easier than summer scrambling over boulders. This region contains a large area and fascinating variety of superb ski-slopes that should be investigated further.

Crossing the Cathedral range by a col south of Mount Simmons we descended on the névé fields of Mount Maclure glacier until turned back by a blizzard whipped up by the rising storm-wind. Back at our timberline bivouac we packed the duffle and skied down our old tracks to the ranger station. What joy to run free after days of upward trudging!—but the packs were still heavy and required careful balancing. Finally, by evening of the next day, we reached Happy Isles again.

A LETTER FROM DR. ANDREWS, OF AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL,
Science House, 157-161 Gloucester Street, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

21ST NOVEMBER, 1933

Dear Farquhar:

Here we are home at last after a most delightful trip, and one full of rich revived memories (for myself) of long excursions taken in the Sierra during 1908. Doubtless I have told you that the 1908 trip to the Sierra was undertaken at the invitation of the late Dr. G. K. Gilbert, who had read certain papers of mine purporting to demonstrate the marked efficacy of ice as a corrosion agent in the Alps of New Zealand. To that end, he, with his well-known kindness of heart, had secured the official assistance of Washington, D. C., to the proper fitting out of a camping party for the examination of glacial action in the Sierra Nevada, should I be enabled to accept such invitation. I accepted on the understanding that the itinerary should include an attempt on an unclimbed peak of 14,000 feet height in the Sierra.

What a trip that six weeks' excursion was! and what an inspiration it was to do it in the company of Gilbert himself and of that other brilliant physiographer, Willard D. Johnson! On that trip we saw the cumulative evidence of "plucking" and "polishing" by the recent glaciers all the way from Evolution Valley to Tenaya Lake. On my return to Sydney in 1909, I published a paper entitled *An Excursion to the Yosemite (California); or, Studies in the Formation of Alpine Cirques, "Steps," and Valley "Treads."* This paper, it may be pointed out, was written, not so much with the idea of supplying information concerning the number of ice glacial visitations experienced in the Yosemite area during the Pleistocene and the amount of valley overdeepening, as to demonstrate that glaciers *can*, and *do*, erode valley profiles strongly. The origin of the cirque or corrie (alpine amphitheater) was perhaps the main burden of the note, as there had been no adequate explanation of these peculiar forms.

You will understand, then, what a wonderful experience it was, after 25 years absence, to revisit the Yosemite itself, together with the great park stretching from Wawona to Tioga Pass, and, moreover, to carry out this excursion as the culmination of a trip of several thousand miles, including

Alberta and British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, and California. Our party of three—namely, my wife, Miss Ida Brown, and myself—had left Sydney in April to represent (with others) Australia at the Fifth Pacific Science Congress, held at Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., during the first two weeks of June last. These Congresses commenced at Honolulu in 1920, and were designed, as perhaps you are aware, to promote harmonious social relations between the peoples either living or owning territory within the Greater Pacific Region.

Our return to Australia was planned so as to leave America by way of San Francisco, visiting as many national parks and monuments as possible en route. In this way we visited and scrambled among, first, the Canadian Rockies (specializing in botany, glaciation, and structural geology); second, Mount Baker, with its glorious forests and snow-fields; third; Mount Rainier, where we were reduced to the perpetual exclamation stage at the beauty of the alpine and subalpine meadows, the forests, and the glaciers, together with the evening charmingly spent by entertainments given by the Ranger Naturalists, in which descriptions of the animal and plant life in the parks and so on were delivered, illustrated by colored lantern views; fourth, the Columbia Highway and Mount Hood Loop drive (it was a matter of extreme regret with us to note the terrible havoc which has been caused in the once grand forest by widespread fires of some past date); fifth, the Redwood Highway, considered by our party as one of the finest forest drives they had ever seen. Is it possible ever to forget these wondrous forest boles rising 300 feet and more above the massed rhododendron, vaccinium, thimbleberry, elderberry, and other thickets, all luxuriantly tangled with the most exquisite ferns, oxalis, lilies, salal, and associated rain-forest forms. Here indeed we felt that we were truly in the "columned aisles of the forest," aristocrats whose heads were bound in a continual halo of mist dripping benedictions onto the vegetable tangle below.

And after all these wonderful sights, each apparently more charming than the last, we landed in San Francisco, and decided to consult you and Mr. Colby concerning a proposed visit to the Yosemite area. These letters of introduction which you so kindly gave us to Colonel Thomson and to Camp Curry were surely inspired. We were welcomed most warmly and were assisted in the most material manner in our visit to the glaciated areas of Tuolumne and to the Mono Lake region. Space forbids to tell of the kindness shown by Mr. Carlson, the Ranger Naturalist at Glacier Point, of Bert Harwell, of Rangers Bingaman and Durrell (and son), who conducted us personally to Mono Lake, where we again enjoyed the sight of piñon, mesquite, and sage-brush, among which Gilbert, Johnson, and I had been accustomed to pitch our camps in 1908 in our trip from the east foot of the Sierra below Mount Darwin to that of Bloody Cañon and Mount Dana.

Since my return to Sydney, I have had the pleasure of addressing various public bodies on the beauties of these natural playgrounds, particularly Yosemite. The audiences—including the Royal Society of New South Wales, the Geological Section of the Royal Society, the Naturalists Society, and the Geo-

graphical Society of New South Wales—have been enthusiastic in their praise of the scenery, the general supervision exercised in the conduct of the national parks, and the growing public appreciation in America of the necessity to preserve these grand natural playgrounds in their primitive state.

E. C. ANDREWS

FOURTEENTH CENTURY MOUNTAINEERING IN CEYLON

The following is quoted from *The Travels of Ibn Battuta, 1325-1354*. Reference is to Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, on the top of which is a depression resembling the mark of a huge foot, supposed by some to be the footprint of Adam.

"The mountain of Saranbid is one of the highest in the world. We saw it from the sea when we were nine days' journey away, and when we climbed it we saw the clouds below us, shutting out our view of its base. On it there are many evergreen trees and flowers of various colors, including a red rose as big as the palm of a hand. There are two tracks on the mountain leading to the Foot, one called Bábá track and the other Máma track, meaning Adam and Eve. The Máma track is easy, and is the route by which the pilgrims return; but anyone who goes by that way is not considered by them to have made the pilgrimage at all. The Bábá track is difficult and stiff climbing. Former generations cut a short stairway on the mountain, and fixed iron stanchions on it, to which they attached chains for climbers to hold on by. There are ten such chains, two at the foot of the hill by the "threshold," seven successive chains farther on, and the tenth is the "Chain of the Profession of Faith," so called because when one reaches it and looks down to the foot of the hill, he is seized by apprehensions and recites the profession of faith for fear of falling. When you climb past this chain you find a rough track. From the tenth chain to the grotto of Khidr is seven miles; this grotto lies in a wide plateau, and near by it is a spring full of fish, but no one catches them. Close to this there are two tanks cut in the rock on either side of the path. At the grotto of Khidr the pilgrims leave their belongings and ascend thence for two miles to the summit of the mountain where the Foot is."

MOUNTAINEERING NOTES

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING ON THE 1933 OUTING

NOTES BY GLEN DAWSON

Mountain-climbing was even more popular on the 1933 outing than at any time in the past few years. This marked increase in interest may be credited to the influence of the San Francisco rock-climbing section, the enthusiasm of Lewis Clark, and the cheerful co-operation of the management in arranging base camps. The mountaineering committee appointed by the management to take charge of mountain-climbing, not only regulated climbing, but organized parties to climb some of the more difficult peaks. The committee tried to be as impartial as possible in selecting climbers, and was, I believe, reasonably successful. The members of the committee were Lewis Clark (chairman), Ansel Adams, Norman Clyde, Glen Dawson, Jules Eichorn, Francis Farquhar, Hans Helmut Leschke, and Francis Tappaan. Norman Clyde again took the chief burden of leadership. Although most of the climbing was organized by the committee, competent climbers (except solo climbers) were not restricted in carrying out their own plans. With the development of leadership shown during 1933, it is expected that much good climbing will be possible on the 1934 outing in the Yosemite National Park.

Mount Humphreys.—Norman Clyde led two parties up Mount Humphreys from a base camp near Piute Pass. On July 11th the first party—Dorothy Baird, Merrill Carlsmith, Lewis Clark, Leland Curtis, Helen Le Conte, Julie Mortimer, and Alfred Weiler—went up the usual route. They descended east from the summit pinnacle to the head of a large chute running southeast, then followed the chute a thousand feet to a ledge leading to the main crest; a chute running southwest led them to the base. The party on July 12th included Ada Hiemstra, Hans Helmut Leschke, John Mazza, Helen Melhorn, John Poindexter, Jack Riegelhuth, and Ted Waller. On July 20th Marjory Bridge and Jules Eichorn traversed Mount Humphreys from south to north, making the first ascent of a lower peak to the south on the way.

Peak 12,486.—A spur off Glacier Divide, climbed by Glen Dawson and Neil Ruge on July 11th. No cairn.

Pilot Knob.—Climbed by Kasson Avery, Stanley Abrams, and John Cahill on July 12th. Later the same day two parties climbed Pilot Knob direct from the west, a good rock climb. These parties were: Fern Dawson, Glen Dawson, Bahlah Ballantine, Lincoln Lathrop; and Lewis Clark, Franklin Bunker, Philip von Lubken. On July 13th Julie Mortimer, Ted Waller, Mary Isham, and Jocelyn Tyler reached the summit. On July 14th Pilot Knob was climbed by Doris Rowlands, Robert Schonborn, Dorothy Hikes, and Erma Whannel.

Peak 12,395.—This unnamed peak was climbed from Hutchinson Meadow on July 14th under the leadership of Norman Clyde. The party included: Maren Aune, Franklin Bunker, John Cahill, Merrill Carlsmith, Sara Daansen,

Ada Hiemstra, Donald Kelley, Helen Melhorn, Myrl Morris, John Piper, John Poindexter, Jack Riegelhuth, Helen Simpson, Irma Weill, Hazel Williams.

Mount Merriam.—This peak, altitude 13,067 ft., was climbed on July 14th by Lewis Clark, Julie Mortimer, and Ted Waller. Unaware that it already had a name, they called it "Bastille Peak" in honor of the French holiday. The mountain was named, however, in 1931 in honor of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, founder of the U. S. Biological Survey. This name has been approved by the California State Geographic Board and by the U. S. Geographic Board and now appears on the latest edition of the Mount Goddard quadrangle. It is the same peak referred to by Nathan Clark as "Isosceles Mountain," in S. C. B., 1932, xvi:1, p. 123.

The Pinnacles.—The highest point of The Pinnacles (12,264) was reached apparently for the first time by Glen Dawson, Neil Ruge, and Alfred Weiler on July 14th. There is good climbing on the east side of the ridge, but not on the west. Some of the pinnacles appear very difficult.

Peak 12,592.—Peak on Glacier Divide climbed from the north, on July 14th, by Hans Helmut Leschke, Dr. Hans Leschke, and Helen Le Conte.

The Hermit.—On July 17th, Clyde led a party of twenty-seven, fifteen of whom registered at the top of the summit block. Two others reached the summit on the 29th. On the 21st, Clark led a party of six up from the east side, striking the ridge between the two prominent notches, thence traversing to the top and descending by the usual route.

Mount McGee.—Neil Ruge, Bahlah Ballantine, and Glen Dawson, on July 17th, made what is evidently the fourth ascent of this fine peak. We found the snow-chimney, or couloir, at the right of the main peak to be in a condition dangerous for climbing. This is the chimney that I descended in 1930. (S. C. B., xvi:1, p. 104.) A better route is to climb from the Goddard Cañon side the peak just west of the summit, and from there go down into a notch and then on to the highest point.

Mount Darwin.—Mules carried our dunnage-bags and food to a climbers' camp at Evolution Lake. The parties on Mount Darwin were: July 18th, Lewis Clark (leader), Dorothy Baird, Franklin Bunker, Leland Curtis, Helen Le Conte, Julie Mortimer, Ted Waller; July 18th, Norman Clyde (leader), John Cahill, Hans Helmut Leschke, Donald Kelley, John Mazza, John Poindexter, Jack Riegelhuth, Robert Schomborn; July 19th, Hans Helmut Leschke (leader), Merrill Carlsmith, Mary Isham, Dr. Hans Leschke, Helen Melhorn, Helen Simpson, Philip von Lubken; July 20th, Norman Clyde (leader), Kasson Avery, Robert Cahill, Mary Chamberlain, Elizabeth Cuthbertson, Vera Mayers, John Piper, Doris Rowlands, Alfred Weiler.

Peak 13,332.—Peak on the main crest southeast of Mount Darwin, climbed July 19th by Glen Dawson, Bahlah Ballantine, and Neil Ruge. No evidence of previous ascent.

Mount Spencer.—Climbed July 19th by Richard Cushing; July 20th, by

Lewis Clark, Franklin Bunker, Helen Le Conte, Julie Mortimer; July 21st, by Neil Ruge and Bahlah Ballantine.

Mount Haeckel.—Very few have climbed this peak between the two-party first ascent in 1920 (S. C. B., 1921, xi:1, pp. 144-146) until the Sierra Club parties of last summer. The parties on July 19th made an interesting traverse of the peak. The climbers were: (1) Norman Clyde (leader), Maren Aune, John Cahill, Robert Cahill, Sara Daansen, Donald Kelley, Dorothy Morris, John Poindexter, Jack Riegelhuth, Robert Schonborn; (2) Lewis Clark (leader), Elsie Crail, Franklin Bunker, Julie Mortimer, Ted Waller, Alfred Weiler. Another party, on July 20th, consisted of Jack Riegelhuth (leader), Mary Isham, Hans Helmut Leschke, Helen Simpson, Jocelyn Tyler, Philip von Lubken, Irma Weill.

Peak 13,012.—An hour's climb above Muir Pass. Fine view. The register shows it to have been climbed August 12, 1929, by M. H. Pramme and F. F. Harna. Climbed on July 20, 1933, by Dawson and Poindexter.

Clyde Spires.—Two pinnacles between Wallace and Powell, on the main crest, at an elevation of about 13,000 feet. The first spire was climbed July 22d by Norman Clyde, Jules Eichorn, Ted Waller, Helen Le Conte, Julie Mortimer, Dorothy Baird, John Forbes. The first three climbed the second spire, reported to be a difficult slab climb. The climbers gave the name for the leader of the party.

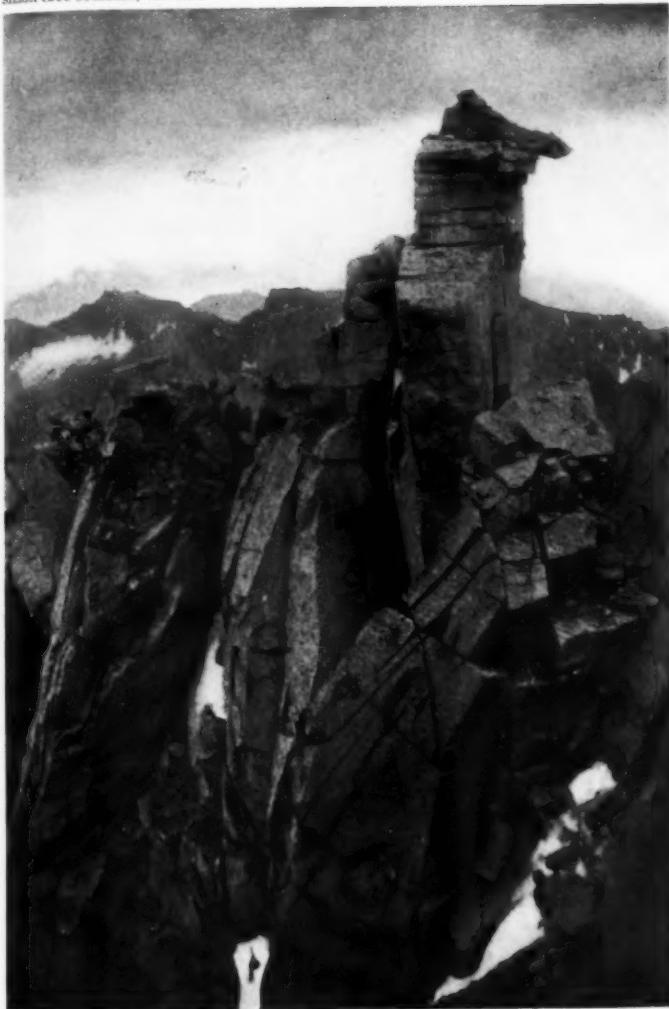
Mount Goddard.—Climbed July 22d by Philip von Lubken and Robert Cahill. On their return they spent the night at the Muir Pass Shelter, perhaps the first occasion of its use for such a purpose.

Mount Woodworth.—Climbed from Rambaud Lakes, July 24th, by Norman Clyde, Julie Mortimer, Dorothy Baird, Jack Riegelhuth; July 25th, by Philip von Lubken, Robert Cahill, Franklin Bunker; July 26th, by Philip von Lubken (leader), Elsie Crail, Richard Cushing, Virginia Greever, May Pridham, Helen Simpson, Bill Strikland, Jocelyn Tyler.

Devils Crags.—(See article elsewhere in this number.)

Wheel Mountain.—On July 26th, Lewis Clark, Marjory Bridge, John Poindexter, and John Cahill climbed Peak 12,778, at the head of Rambaud Creek, and named it "Wheel Mountain" because of the peculiar structure of the summit, which consists of four steep buttresses radiating symmetrically from a hub like the spokes of a wheel. There being no sign of previous ascent, cairns were built on the four buttresses and on the "hub." The climb was made by the southwest ridge, the descent by two steep gullies on the south face.

Split Mountain.—From a knapsack camp, established between the two lakes in Palisade Creek, Split Mountain was climbed July 29th by Lewis Clark (leader), Bahlah Ballantine, Franklin Bunker, John Cahill, Robert Cahill, Richard Cushing, Virginia Greever, Doris Rowlands, Neil Ruge, Helen Simpson, Ted Waller, Irma Weill; July 20th, by Francis Farquhar (leader), Elsie Crail, Marjory Bridge, Philip von Lubken, John Poindexter, Vera Mayers; July 31st, by Bill Strikland and May Pridham.



SUMMIT OF MOUNT DARWIN—THE FINAL PINNACLE
Photograph by Richard M. Leonard



MOUNT MERRIAM
Peak at head of French Creek named in honor of Dr. C. Hart Merriam
Photograph by Charles S. Webber



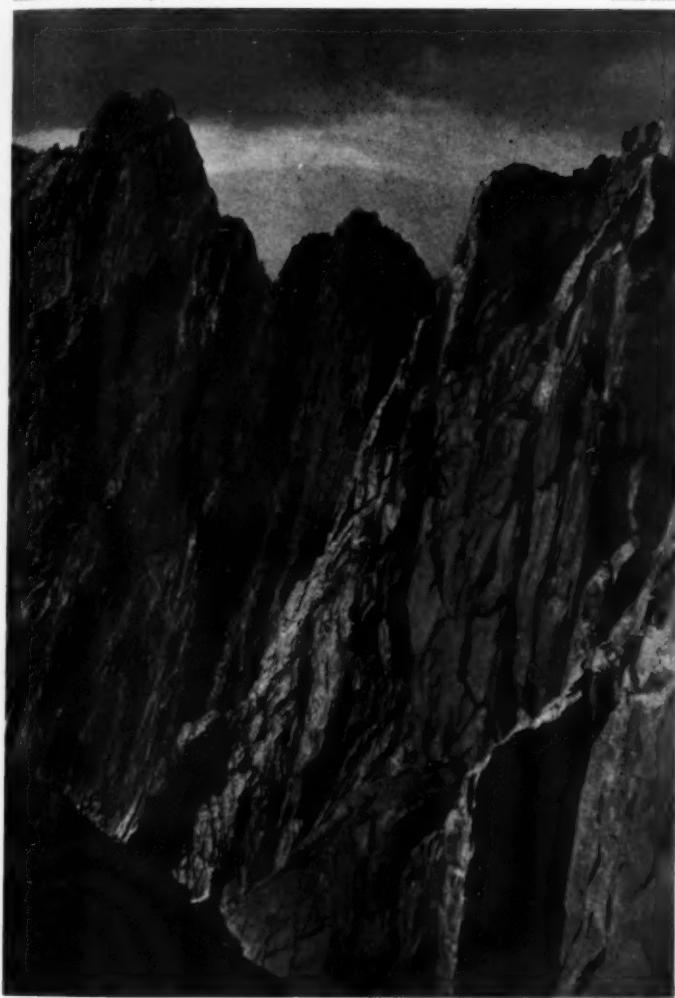
MOUNT SILL FROM NORTH PALISADE
Photograph by Marjory Bridge

MOUNT MERRIAM
Peak at head of French Cañon named in honor of Dr. C. Hart Merriam
Photograph by Charles S. Wetmore



MIDDLE PAISADE
Photograph by Ansel Adams

MIDDLE PALISADE
Photograph by Ansel Adams



MIDDLE PALISADE
Crest Northwest of the Summit
Photograph by Marjory Bridge



UPPER PALISADE CAÑON
Photograph by Ansel Adams

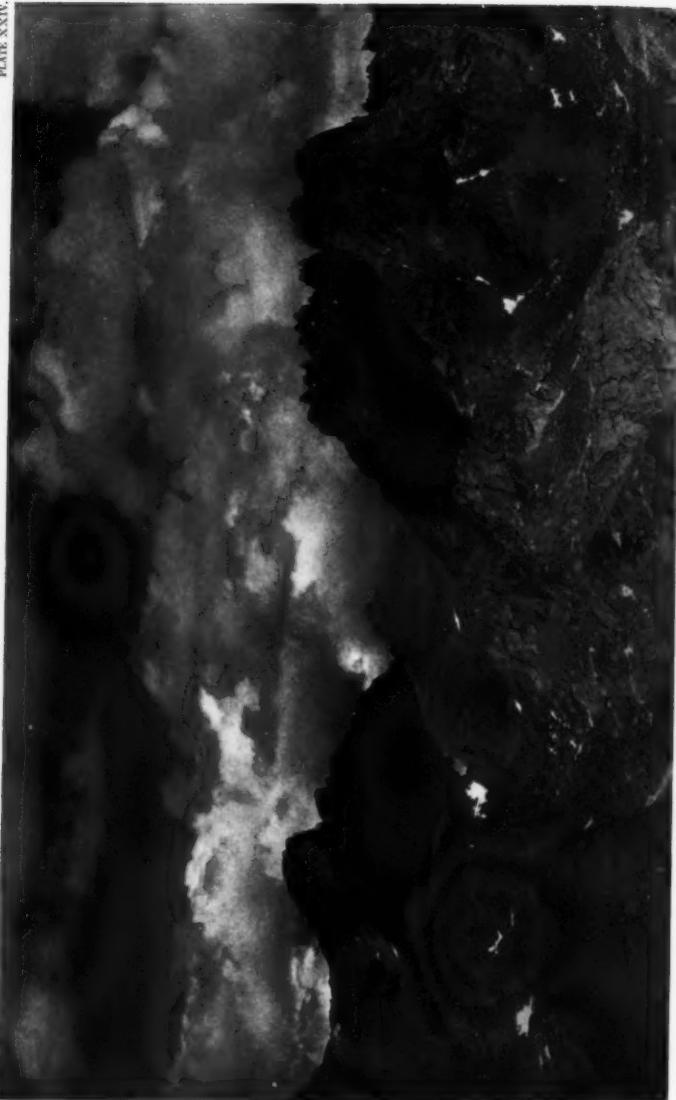
SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN, VOL. XIX.

PLATE XXIII.



UPPER PALISADE CAÑON
Photograph by Ansel Adams

PALISADE CREEK
Photograph by Herbert P. Rankin



CREST OF THE SIERRA
Mount Sill and Ridge near Middle Palisade
Photograph by Ansel Adams

Middle Palisade.—(See notes by Lewis F. Clark, elsewhere.)

Observation Peak.—Climbed by John Cahill on July 30th. Later the same day John Forbes, Charles Lawrence, Elizabeth Mason, and Mary Isham reached the summit.

Rambaud Peak.—Climbed on August 2d by Jules Eichorn, Muir Dawson, Dorothy Bradner, Mary Chamberlain, and Glen Dawson. There were no records or cairns, although the Sierra Club has camped in sight of Rambaud Peak many times. Probably climbed by Albert Tachet and Ruth Prager in 1925.

North Palisade to Mount Sill.—On August 2d Lewis Clark, Ted Waller, Julie Mortimer, and Jack Riegelhuth, after climbing North Palisade, crossed by way of the notch and along the ridge to Mount Sill, probably the first traverse in that direction. (For record of the first traverse in the opposite direction, see S. C. B., 1931, xvi:1, p. 105.)

North Palisade.—The third highest peak in California was climbed by a large party on August 2d: Norman Clyde (leader), John Poindexter and Franklin Bunker (assistant leaders), Dorothy Baird, John Cahill, Robert Cahill, Elsie Crail, Doris Rowlands, Helen Simpson, Jocelyn Tyler, Philip von Lubken, and Irma Weill. On August 3d there were two parties: Alfred Weiler (leader), Marjory Bridge, Richard Cushing, Virginia Greever, Helen Le Conte, Neil Ruge; and Hans Helmut Leschke (leader), Mary Isham, May Pridham, Bill Strikland.

Mount Sill.—Climbed on August 2d by Alfred Weiler (leader), Marjory Bridge, W. H. Rees, Virginia Greever, Richard Cushing, and Neil Ruge. Bill Strikland and May Pridham climbed direct from Palisade Basin. On August 3d the climbers were: Francis Farquhar (leader), Emily Ambrose, Kasson Avery, Franklin Bunker, Ethel Boulware, John Cahill, Doris Rowlands, Helen Simpson.

Thunderbolt Peak.—Climbed on August 3d from the west by Norman Clyde, John Poindexter, and Philip von Lubken. They also explored the ridge to the northwest. (See S. C. B., 1932, xvii:1, p. 125.)

Agassiz Needle.—Climbed on August 2d by Mary Isham, Emily Ambrose, Kasson Avery, and Ethel Boulware. The first moonlight ascent of Agassiz Needle was made on August 4th by Dawson, Ballantine, and Waller, who arrived on top at two o'clock in the morning. It was climbed six hours later by Ruge, Clark, Bunker, and Riegelhuth.

CLIMBS ON THE PALISADES

BY JAMES WRIGHT

On July 13, 1933, I climbed North Palisade by what I believe to be a new route. From camp in Dusy Basin I crossed the spur that branches westerly from the main crest and entered the extreme north part of Palisade Basin. My route leads up the second large cleft which narrows in the ascent; thence up a steep snow-tongue into a wide chute. At the head of this chute I

crossed to the next chute to the southeast, then climbed to the base of the pinnacle northwest of the summit. I then crossed to the easterly side of the summit ridge at a point where a cairn can be seen in the chimney below, presumably marking the route of the Clyde-Underhill route of 1931. (S. C. B., 1932, xvii:1, p. 124.) In order to reach the bench above, it is necessary to be very careful in crossing a notch; but beyond, the final climb to the summit is very simple.

On July 16th I climbed Mount Sill from the southwest, and on July 18th I climbed Middle Palisade.

MIDDLE PALISADE

BY LEWIS F. CLARK

There is no easy approach to Middle Palisade, either from the ends or by the sides; rather, it is still generally considered the most inaccessible and the most difficult to climb of California's 14,000-foot peaks. Since the first ascent, by Francis P. Farquhar and Ansel F. Hall, in 1921 (S. C. B., 1922, xi:3, pp. 264-270), it has attracted a number of good climbers, and prior to the Sierra Club visit this season twenty-one different persons had signed the register. Then, in the course of three days twenty-four ascents were made, adding eighteen new names to the list. Counting ten repeaters, there are now forty-nine names on the register.

The Mountaineering Committee of the 1933 Outing, fully alive to responsibilities of the occasion, made careful plans for the leadership of the parties, in order that the maximum number of qualified climbers might make the ascent in safety. On July 29th, Norman Clyde's party of three was first off from the knapsack camp between the two lakes. Half an hour later there followed a party led by Francis Farquhar, who was eager to compare conditions with those of twelve years before. Three new names were added to the register that day, Marjory Bridge, May Pridham, Bill Strickland, with repeat climbs by Clyde, Farquhar, and Eichorn. The next day three parties climbed the mountain, two from the Sierra Club, and an independent party of Stanford students, who courteously consented to be the last in line. The first party, led by Clark, made a fast ascent, reaching the top at ten o'clock. Ted Waller, leading the second party, departed somewhat from the customary route, but made a successful ascent after encountering several difficult pitches on a steep ridge to the south. Besides Clark and Waller, those registering that day were: Julie Mortimer and Franklin Bunker, in the first party; Helen Le Conte and Jack Riegelhuth, in the second; and the Stanford party, Craig Barbaash, Howard Gates, and Jack Jernegen. On July 31st two more parties made the ascent: Norman Clyde, with Dorothy Baird and Philip von Lubken; and Alfred Weiler, with John Poindexter, W. H. Rees, and Hans Helmut Leschke.

A new route was successfully explored on July 30th by Glen Dawson and Jules Eichorn. They first ascended the northwest peak (13,956), previously climbed only by Clyde, who made two ascents in 1930. (*American Alpine*

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Journal, 1931, i:3, pp. 397-399; S. C. B., 1931, xvi:1, p. 107.) From this peak they followed the ridge toward the main peak of Middle Palisade, turning several minor pinnacles en route, but climbing the big black gendarme about midway, on which they found no sign of previous ascent. They continued up the ridge southeasterly to the main peak and descended by the usual route.

A STANFORD PARTY IN THE SIERRA

BY CRAIG BARBASH

A group of four from the Stanford Campus—Charles Burkett, of San Francisco, Jack Jernegen, of Palo Alto, Howard Gates, of Pasadena, and Craig Barbash, of San Francisco—with Peter Van Loben Sels as packer, left Mineral King on June 26, 1933, and arrived at Yosemite August 19th. Among the peaks climbed were the following: Sawtooth, Langley, Whitney, Muir, Russell, Barnard, Peak 13,968 (between Barnard and Williamson), Tyndall, Williamson, Junction, Brewer, East Vidette, Devils Crags, Split, Middle Palisade, Agassiz, North Palisade, Sill, Winchell, Darwin, Peak 11,400 on Volcanic Ridge above Lake Ediza. I speak for all the members of the party in expressing appreciation of the friendly interest and help given by members of the Sierra Club outing party.

SOME CLIMBS IN THE SIERRA—1933

BY DAVID R. BROWER

George Rockwood and I spent the period from June 21st to August 2d, 1933, leisurely knapsacking from Glacier Lodge, on Big Pine Creek, to Tioga Pass, frequently forsaking the regular trails. Among the climbs made, some of them uncommon, if not difficult, were the following: June 23 (R. and B.), Temple Crag, by the "fifty-foot crack" from the saddle; June 28 (B.), North Palisade, from the glacier, using largest couloir, and Winchell, by the eastern ridge; July 1 (R. and B.), Agassiz Needle; July 5 (B.), the two highest peaks of Glacier Divide, finding cairns but no records; July 8 (B.), Humphreys; July 12 (B.), unnamed peak (12,395) west of French Cañon—no record of previous ascent; July 13 (R.), unnamed peak (12,817) four miles north of Hutchinson Meadow—no record found; July 13 (B.), unnamed peak (13,234) a little farther to the northeast—also, no record found; July 13 (R. and B.), unnamed peak (12,777) above Lake Italy, one of the better sand-climbs of the Sierra; July 14 (B.), Bear Creek Spire, Dade, Abbot—the cairn on Dade was in poor condition, and the only record found was that of the first ascent in 1911, recorded on the pages of a *Ladies' Home Journal* (!) of that year, while on Bear Creek Spire the records are intact, beginning with Norman Clyde's ascent May 27, 1928, seven ascents in all.

Subsequent ascents were made together. July 15, Mount Julius Caesar (Peak 13,173, above Lake Italy, first climbed and named in 1928 by Alfred and Myrtle Prater, of Glendale.) July 25, Ritter and Banner. July 26, Lyell and Maclure, from Thousand Island Lake, and back via Lyell Glacier. July

31, Parker and Koip peaks, from Alger Lake. August 1, over Gibbs and Dana, with packs. August 3, Cathedral Peak, from Budd Creek.

CROSSING HELL-FOR-SURE PASS—1933

BY HOWARD TWINING

On July 12, 1933, Leland Gale, John Blosser, and I crossed Hell-For-Sure Pass—the first crossing this year. We found the last good camping-place to be on Fleming Creek, about four miles from the pass. The first three miles of the approach toward the pass were not difficult, although in some places the trail is not distinct. The main ascent of the pass is less than a mile, but goes straight up a steep gorge directly to the top. The trail crosses and recrosses a stream which flows the length of the gully, making the rocks dangerously slippery in some places. We made the ascent with some difficulty, although without mishap, but were stopped about 150 feet from the top by a large drift of snow which blocked the gully. It took us several hours to clear the way directly to the top along one side of the snow-bank. After unloading the animals, we carried the packs to the summit, and then led each donkey to the top.

The trail on the San Joaquin side was very poor; in fact, we could find it only at intervals. Finally, after endeavoring to follow it, we gave it up and dropped down directly to the river by way of a steep chimney in the cliffs of the cañon.

The main trail in Goddard Cañon is good, except for the fords, which are impassable when the water is high. Because of high water we were forced to continue along the west side of the river all the way down to the junction of Evolution Creek with the San Joaquin.

SOME CLIMBS IN THE YOSEMITE REGION

BY RICHARD M. LEONARD

There is presented here a synopsis of some of the more unusual and interesting climbs in the Yosemite region. It is to be understood that all of the most difficult climbs were made as a roped party, using proper equipment and technique. The climbers are named in their order upon the rope.

The Sawtooth Ridge.—The story of the first ascents of the "Three Teeth" is told elsewhere (pages 31-33). On the same trip, the first ascent of "Cleaver Peak" (11,850) was made by Beers and Kehrlein, and the first ascent and traverse of "Blacksmith Peak" (11,850) by Robinson and Leonard. The highest peak of the Sawtooth Ridge (12,150) was climbed by Jules Eichorn, Glen Dawson, and Walter Brem, July 20, 1931. Point 11,555 was climbed by Herbert B. Blanks, July 16, 1932. Thus, of the nine major points, all but two have been climbed. There have so far been no second ascents. This is one of the finest climbing regions in the Sierra Nevada.

Finger Peaks.—July 6, 1933, Herbert B. Blanks, Kenneth May, and Elliot Sawyer placed a Sierra Club register on the highest peak. Theirs was the fourth ascent.

Whorl Mountain.—The identification and history of the three peaks which make up this group is very uncertain. The day after their ascent of the Finger Peaks, this same party climbed the highest peak of the Whorl Mountain group. It is the southernmost of the three, rising steeply above a little glacier on its north slope. On the summit they found a paper bag with the names of J. W. Combs, R. W. Messer, and William T. Goldsborough, who had climbed it from a Sierra Club camp on July 23, 1911. To these names were added those of Stephen Townsend, Stanley Bee, and Ralph Stoddard, who had climbed it with François Matthes on July 18, 1932. Matthes did not climb to the summit, as he was busy with observations a little lower down. Although this southern peak is actually the highest, and has usually been known as Whorl Mountain, the U. S. G. S. map (Bridgeport quadrangle) shows the middle peak as the highest, and has the name attached to it. On July 9th, Blanks, May, and Sawyer climbed the latter peak and found no evidence of previous ascent. It was an interesting climb with ropes. There is no definite record of the northern peak ever having been climbed. Some uncertainty is thrown into the record by a statement by Julie Mortimer, in writing of the 1921 Outing, that "another knapsack party led by Mr. Chase climbed Whorl Mountain." (S. C. B., 1922, xi:3, p. 257.)

Shepherd's Crest.—Inspired by François E. Matthes' article in the 1933 SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN (xviii:1, pp. 68-80), Blanks, May, and Sawyer, on July 13, 1933, thoroughly explored the little "Lost Valley" and made the first ascent of the highest point (11,860). The climb is not difficult, and those who go on the club's outing next summer should certainly see and explore this interesting summit.

Cockscomb.—Blanks, May, and Sawyer, on July 17, 1933, placed a Sierra Club register on the summit. Their route was up the northern edge of the northeast face.

The Minarets.—On July 25, as the climax of their season, Blanks led the ascent of Leonard's Minaret over the route of the first ascent, which he had led with Leonard in 1932 (S. C. B., 1933, xviii:1, p. 134). A Sierra Club register was installed at the extreme eastern end of the knife-edged summit. Jules Eichorn reports that on August 24, 1933, Norman Clyde also made the ascent of this peak by a new route from the southwest, but did not see the register.

The third highest of the Minarets was climbed on July 31, 1931, by Jules Eichorn, Glen Dawson, and Walter Brem, on a traverse south to east from Michael's Minaret to Clyde's Minaret. Eichorn and Dawson made the second ascent of this point on August 18, 1933, this time traversing from south to north.

The fifth Minaret to be climbed is a spectacular pinnacle, first climbed by Dawson, Eichorn, and Richard Jones, August 17, 1933. The ascent was made from the west.

Yosemite Valley.—Rock-climbing possibilities of the highest order can be found in this accessible and beautiful location. With this in mind, the first annual trip of the Rock-Climbing Section of the San Francisco Bay Chapter

was scheduled here over the Labor Day holidays, September 2, 3 and 4, 1933. Seventeen climbers participated and nine other members and friends of the club joined us at our camp-fires. Some unusually fine climbing was accomplished. Kenneth May, Elliot Sawyer, and Jean Husted traversed Mount Starr King, and then bivouacked high on the slopes of Mount Clark. The next morning they made a very fine attempt upon the unclimbed and very difficult northwest arête; but at 11:30 they were obliged to stop because of the necessity of being home by the following morning. Herbert B. Blanks took Mary Vaughan, a girl who had never climbed before, on the ascent of the Lower Cathedral Rock via the narrow gully between it and the Middle Cathedral Rock. It is a very interesting and beautiful climb and is rather difficult. Hervey Voge, Dick Johnson, and Jack Riegelhuth made the ascent of Half Dome from Mirror Lake, finding it disappointingly easy (for them). However, it can be recommended as a trip that offers some of the most magnificent views in the valley. Marjory Bridge, Lewis Clark, and William Horsfall made a fine climb out of Illilouette Cañon opposite the fall. They rated the climb as very difficult, requiring almost constant careful belaying and several shoulder-stands.

On Saturday, Jules Eichorn and Voge, and Bestor Robinson and Leonard, on two separate ropes, made what is probably the first serious attempt upon Washington Column from below. The route started at the base of the chimney between the Column and the Royal Arches and kept 100 to 200 feet to the southeast upon the face of the Column. We were not able to start until 2:30 P.M. and it took three hours to accomplish the first thousand feet of climbing. As the time was short, we had to abandon the attempt and rope on down. On Monday, September 4th, we returned and covered the same thousand feet in two hours. However, the next crack required over an hour to climb only fifty feet. Since we had to be down early, in order to get back to town in time, we again had to abandon the attempt. This climb should not be tried except by those who thoroughly understand the proper technique.

Cathedral Spires.—Probably the most interesting event of the entire trip was the first serious attempt upon the Cathedral Spires. On Sunday, September 3, Eichorn, Robinson, and Leonard made a prolonged attempt upon the higher spire. After four hours of ineffectual climbing upon the southwest face, and three hours more upon the southeast and east faces, we were turned away by the sheer difficulty of the climbing. On November 4, we made an attempt upon the lower Cathedral Spire, hoping it might be easier, but were soon disillusioned. After some difficulty we reached the wide ledge over half-way up the Spire, but were unable, after three hours of effort, to climb more than fifty feet higher. The next day we were back for a second attempt on the southwest face of the higher Cathedral Spire. By means of pitons as a direct aid, we were able to overcome two holdless, vertical, ten-foot pitches and carefully traverse out over the 800-foot overhang of the northwest face. Higher up, however, we encountered another difficult problem, and were turned back by impending darkness after four o'clock. Our ultimate success is chronicled by Robinson elsewhere in this number of the BULLETIN.

UP TENAYA CAÑON IN THE SPRING

BY LEWIS F. CLARK

Notwithstanding its proximity to Yosemite Valley, comparatively few persons have been entirely through high-walled Tenaya Cañon. There is no trail, and even in the dry season deep gorges, precipitous cliffs, and waterfalls are encountered, while in the spring high water interposes further obstacles. Last spring a party of Sierrans led by Bestor Robinson, and including Lewis Clark, Oliver Kehrlein, Kenneth May, and Randolph May, ventured to go up the cañon from Mirror Lake to Tenaya Lake. Their successful ascent is, so far as records indicate, the first one at this time of year. The party started on Sunday, May 28, 1933, shouldering knapsacks and climbing-ropes before the morning breeze had ruffled Mount Watkins' reflection in Mirror Lake. Leaving the broad Snow Creek Trail, a faint trail used by fishermen was followed for two miles to the mouth of the inner gorge, where the river has carved a deep gash through cliffs which stretch across the cañon. In dry season one goes up the gorge, but now it was a swirling torrent. Fording several branches of the creek, we climbed the cliffs on the Clouds Rest side up through brush and along ledges to the rim of the gorge. On several occasions the rope provided a valuable safeguard. After crossing a few rocky gullies and brushy ridges we came to "Kehrlein's crack," a delicate friction-traverse, followed by a narrow but secure ledge that slopes down to the stream several hundred feet above the falls in the upper end of the inner gorge. Fortunately, avalanche snow had bridged the stream just at the bottom of our crack, so we crossed to the west side, went up past the fir grove, and worked our way through heavy brush around the west side of the lower big falls, then established a bivouac camp on a wide sheltered ledge about 300 feet above the lower falls. Next day we climbed the nose of a ridge, using the rope several times on steep pitches, almost to the western rim of the cañon, skirted the head of a side cañon, crossed a bald dome, and dropped into the long basin above the big upper falls. At the upper end of this basin were a score or more of fine waterwheels, some compact and symmetrical, others misty like delicate plumes. The stream was too swift to cross, so we climbed around the west side of the short upper gorge, crossing a precariously steep snowbank into the meadow below Tenaya Lake. Both meadow and lake were covered with snow more than a foot deep. After spending the night at the ranger cabin, we swam the creek at the lower end of the lake, followed blazes and bear-tracks for about seven miles, returning to Yosemite Valley via the Forsyth Trail. Full of adventure, the trip demonstrated that Tenaya Cañon can be climbed in the spring; but it is recommended only for those who are properly equipped and have some rock-climbing skill.

* * *

PICACHIO, CALIFORNIA

BY GLEN DAWSON

Twenty miles north of Yuma, on the California side of the Colorado River, an impressive-looking peak, Picacho, rises high above a number of other fantastic

buttes. Its base may be reached by an hour's walk from the abandoned Picacho Mine. By going around to the left, a break in the cliffs, known as The Crevice, is found leading to the sky-line. From the top of The Crevice a view of the Colorado River is obtained—and there the real climb begins. The first difficulty is a short pitch to a ledge which leads down across a deep crack. A series of remarkable ledges, or shelves, leads almost to the summit. The last pitch requires a shoulder-stand. There is another way to the top without a shoulder-stand, but it is more difficult.

The late afternoon of December 1, 1933, John Poindexter and I started up Picacho; but instead of crossing the crack down to the left, we climbed directly up, later getting into the upper part of the crack, which runs up the whole face. The final two pitches (one leading to a platform at the top of the crack and one from the platform up by a small cave to the summit ridge), because of the insecure rock and the vertical cliffs, require good balance and assurance. Both our route and the regular route lead to the low end of a long narrow summit. To reach the highest point to the south, it is necessary to climb up a rather difficult pitch and then rope down an overhang. It was getting dark as John and I came up the overhang, hand-over-hand, back from the highest point. We found a less difficult way down, but were unable to locate the regular route. A full moon lighted up the opposite cliffs, but left us in the dark. The next day, led by Randall Henderson, who has made a number of climbs on Picacho, a small party of Sierra Club members reached the top: W. A. Van Degrift, D. R. Brothers, Dick Newsom, Elsie Shipp, Louis Turner, Dick Jones, Glen Dawson, John Poindexter, and Arthur Johnson. The last four went to the highest point.

Although Picacho is climbed several times each year, I can recommend it as a most interesting climb. There are two lesser peaks to the west which I feel very certain are as yet unclimbed.

* * *

CASTLE DOME, ARIZONA

BY GLEN DAWSON

Castle Dome is an outstanding peak in southwestern Arizona. A Sierra Club party made an ascent December 3, 1933: W. A. Van Degrift, Glen Dawson, Cyril Johnson, Arthur Johnson, Dick Jones, J. W. McKenney, John Poindexter, Elsie Shipp, and Louis Turner. The cars were left at the Ladder Tanks sign, a few miles north of the "town" of Castle Dome. A large wash to the left of the Ladder Tanks Cañon leads toward Castle Dome. The final ascent, a short rock-climb up the northeast side, is made by going between the main peak and a prominent pinnacle. The west side has also been climbed by Randall Henderson (publisher of the *Calexico Chronicle*) and T. J. McKeeney. A number of sahuaro cactuses give the region added interest. In the Kofa Mountains, nearby, several queerly shaped peaks offer a further field for exploration.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE NAKED MOUNTAIN¹ The conquest of the Himalayan giants has evolved into a problem of mastering elements not essentially classed as mountaineering. The results of several recent climbing expeditions into these regions have forcibly demonstrated this. With the exception of Kamet, none of the seventy-odd summits of 25,000 feet and over have been trod by the iron-spiked feet of victorious climbers. Conditions comparable to arctic regions, prolific of blinding snow-storms and remorseless avalanches, await the intrepid adventurer who sets out to conquer Himalayan heights. The German-American expedition of 1932 was the first serious attack on Nanga Parbat, the seventh highest mountain in the world, since the tragic attempt of that splendid mountaineer, A. F. Mummery, in 1895. All that careful planning, skillful mountaineering, and heroic determination could do to win their goal was pitted against the uneven odds which overcame them. This splendid party of climbers, consisting of some of the finest continental mountaineers, and two Americans of exceptional ability, found their efforts frustrated by a succession of unrelenting and powerful obstacles. Not least among these was the continual trouble with native porters. Without successful handling of this all-important human factor in Himalayan mountaineering, futility and defeat await one's efforts. Climbers who should have conserved every ounce of their strength to combat the tremendous altitude were compelled to fritter away their energy carrying loads from one high camp to the next. The Hunzas who accompanied the attack on Nanga Parbat were never imbued with that *esprit de corps* so ably shown by the Sherpa and Bhotia "tigers" of Everest fame.

And the snow-storms? When this portion of the epic is narrated one wonders whether the Himalayan giants will finally be conquered by mountaineers or by arctic explorers. The tale is that of an incessant struggle with snow and ice, with its attendant suffering and discomfort, while running through it all to the very end, when Rand Herron floundered shoulder-deep in soft snow to ultimate defeat, the spirit of mighty Nanga Parbat may be seen mocking the frail mortals tramping on her toes. To quote the author:

"And the mountain, scornful of our puny efforts, had carelessly every day or two scattered a few snowflakes on us, and then finally thrown a handful—and we could do nothing."

Yet this expedition cannot be classed as a failure. There is no shame in being defeated by such an antagonist. Their fortitude was not found wanting, and they had the lasting grace and good judgment to come down when all had been done that could be done to achieve success.

Not the least result of this great effort has been the writing of this notable contribution to mountaineering literature. The expedition was fortunate in

¹ *The Naked Mountain*. By ELIZABETH KNOWLTON. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. 335 pages; illustrations, map. Price, \$5.00.

having as its historian an American woman of no mean mountaineering ability in her own right. Miss Knowlton has given us more than a book of adventure. She has succeeded in imparting to the reader something of the spirit of those who set out to conquer great heights and pit their strength against the terrible physical odds these great icy giants impose. This book is worthy of reading by every one who, either by practice or in sympathy, shares a feeling of comradeship with those hardy souls who strive for the unclimbed heights.

LEE L. STOPPLE

HISTORIC SPOTS IN THE VALLEY AND SIERRA COUNTIES² California history has suffered considerably from the sentimental and glamorous connotations imposed upon it by the romance-addicts, the promoters, the advertisers, and

the literary ambulance-chasers. There can be no doubt that the past in California is as rich as the past of other parts of the American continent in the great adventures of conquest and colonization; but it is solid and significant, and not, as we are often led to believe, only a brilliant carnival of greed, robust license, and overcolorful personalities. Suffering and tragedy are the handmaidens of an expanding empire; the harsh California coasts, the unfriendly deserts, and the severe heights of the Sierra were relentless in the toll they exacted of life, energy, and ambition from the time of the Spaniards to the present era.

Mute but emotional relics of early days—shells of settlements and towns, mines and missions—traces of old roads and trails—the ineradicable signs of lumbering, mining, and crude engineering—remain throughout the state to remind us that before the suave civilization of today men lived and toiled in the stern vast wilderness, and evolved a lasting culture from the severe code of the pioneer.

We have been guilty of endowing these cultural remnants with a gentle picturesqueness which obscures their real character and implications. It is refreshing to discover a book which presents, in simple and direct style, descriptions of the historic nuclei of the California scene. This work (the second of its series) treats of the Valley and Sierra Counties, devoting a separate chapter to each county. Concise and always entertaining, without overstimulating the imagination, the book presents a multitude of facts and descriptions in logical geographic sequence. Open the book anywhere—you will find many paragraphs such as this:

North Bloomfield (Nevada County)—Entering the broad locust-lined street of North Bloomfield a feeling of remoteness comes over one. Surrounded by wild and rugged mountains, the village nestles almost at the brink of a huge hydraulic cañon, pinnacled and castellated and touched with vivid colors like a place enchanted. A few of the old homes are still occupied, and have neat gardens at their doors. The McKillian and Mobley store, which was built in 1852, is still used as a mercantile establishment, and houses the post-office as well.

² *Historic Spots in California: Valley and Sierra Counties.* By H. E. & E. G. RENSCH and MILDRED BROOKS HOOVER. Stanford University Press. 1933. xxiii+597 pages. Price, \$3.75.

In consistent style are described hundreds of historic spots—some completely obliterated, others in advanced decay, a few still pulsing with sedate and retrospective life. The past is eloquent in the pages of this very worthy book.

ANSEL ADAMS

THE MAN WHO MADE
MONT BLANC FAMOUS³

In *Mont Blanc Sideshow*, J. Monroe Thorington tells the story of the "life and times" of one of the early members of the English Alpine Club. Albert Smith, a contemporary of Charles Dickens and P. T. Barnum, both of whom he numbered among his friends, was a lively young man whose occupations ranged from the study of medicine to journalism, from the writing of drama and dramatic criticism to mountaineering. He gave lectures, sang songs, could give a clever impersonation. "He was characterized by a tremendous flow of animal spirits." Moreover, he had a great and consuming passion: "his whole life was dominated by the beauty of a mountain" from the day when a little book bought in a Soho bazaar taught him that the Lord made hills "higher than Saint Anne's" till his death at forty-three. He climbs his beloved Mont Blanc at last, after several excursions to its glaciers, and from the experience stages one of his "lectures," an extraordinary *potpourri* of song, anecdote, and character sketch, with "pictorial illustrations" by William Beverley, that wins the plaudits of the public, likewise of the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales. Dr. Thorington's narrative moves briskly and smoothly with a fine humorous sense of the limitations of his hero, whose own literary style, though he was a contributor to *Punch*, and in high favor as a novelist and humorist in the fifties, seems from the quoted specimens of it feeble enough. One gathers that Smith's own gay and magnetic personality was after all his best asset. Perhaps his own view of his accomplishments may be sufficient comment on him as a literary man. When asked at a banquet whether he would honor the company with a speech or with a song, said he, "Oh, I sing better than I talk!" Dr. Thorington's book may be warmly recommended to anyone interested in the manners and mores of the early Victorian age.

MARION RANDALL PARSONS

USEFUL WILD
PLANTS⁴

Mr. Saunders' earlier books on western trails are well known to our readers. In *Useful Wild Plants of the United States and Canada* he has at once extended his field and changed his subject-matter. He describes the native plants that are useful as food or drinks or as a substitute for soap, not dryly, in the manner of a text-book, but with pleasant account of the Indian manner of utilizing the root or seed, its place in Indian folk-lore or in the annals of explorer or trapper. The major items of the Indians' early vegetarian diet are so well illustrated by drawings

³ *Mont Blanc Sideshow: The Life and Times of Albert Smith*. By J. MONROE THORINGTON. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. 1934. xv+255 pages; illustrated. Price, \$2.50.

⁴ *Useful Wild Plants of the United States and Canada*. By CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS. Robert M. McBride & Company, New York. 1934. 275 pages; illustrated. Price, \$3.00.

or photographs that almost any Sierran suffering from the present unpleasantness could take to the woods with his sleeping-bag, and with this book in hand live off the land. It is only fair to the would-be wild vegetarian, however, to warn him that the edible plants listed for the Pacific Slope include the thistle, the wild onion, tar-weed and wild oats.

MARION RANDALL PARSONS

CHITTENDEN'S "YELLOWSTONE" Major Chittenden's book on Yellowstone is a classic of the outdoor West. In this new and revised (fourth) edition the editors have made only such changes as were necessary

REVISED⁵ to bring it to date. The author's keen and abiding interest in the Yellowstone dated from the year 1891, when as assistant to the officer in charge of road construction he had his first opportunity to become acquainted with it. Its history interested him perhaps even more than its geysers, and this is a history of the Wyoming frontier as well as a book about a national park.

MARION RANDALL PARSONS

WIND RIVER RANGE OF WYOMING⁶ In this contribution, of only forty-six pages, Kenneth

A. Henderson has given the mountaineers of the world an authoritative and comprehensive treatment of a range of mountains worthy of attention, but until now scarcely known. To the mountaineer it is challenging to know that there is still a range in the United States with so much fine new climbing to accomplish. To the members of the Sierra Club the pamphlet should be particularly interesting, since in nearly all respects the mountains, glaciers, lakes, and meadows are so very similar to our own High Sierra. The fine photographs contributed by the author portray very vividly the wild beauty of the region. The text is clear and concise, covering in an interesting manner the general aspect of the country, its geology, its early exploration, and a climber's guide to over fifty of the major peaks.

RICHARD M. LEONARD

MOUNT EVEREST FROM THE AIR⁷ This might have been an extraordinary book. It fails in many ways, and its failure has nothing to do with its essential subject—the first airplane flight over the highest mountain in the world. The flight was an achievement of heroic proportions, but the recounting is so involved with unorganized details of the preparations, the trip to India, the entertainments provided, and the recurrent mention of the

⁵ *Yellowstone National Park, Historical and Descriptive*. By HIRAM MARTIN CHITTENDEN. 1933 [Fourth] Edition. Revised by Eleanor Chittenden Cress and Isabelle F. Story. Stanford University Press. 1933. xi+286 pages; illustrated. Price, \$3.00.

⁶ *The Wind River Range of Wyoming*. By KENNETH A. HENDERSON. (Reprinted from *Appalachia*, 1932-1933.) 46 pages; paper wrappers. Obtainable from the author, 238 Chestnut St., West Newton, Mass. Price, 50 cents.

⁷ *First Over Everest: The Houston-Mount Everest Expedition of 1933*. By AM-COM-MOORE P. F. M. FELLOWES [et al.]. London. 1933. xix+279 pages.

[Same] Robert M. McBride & Company, New York. 1934. 264 pages (including flyleaf and title). Price, \$3.50.

patroness of the flight, that the undertaking itself—the actual adventure over the Himalaya—is made almost secondary in the program of the book. Both the British and American editions have specific faults in addition to the basic faults of the program and organization of the production. First, the illustrations leave much to be desired. The reproductions are very bad—especially so in the American edition. The whole aspect of the book in both editions is one of false economy; completely out of relation to the dignity of the subject and the vast interest of the layman in such extraordinary achievements. There are perplexing omissions and additions of illustrations and text in the American edition which suggest that both volumes should be consulted carefully if serious study of this flight is to be made. I am reminded, as a matter of unavoidable comparison, of the most excellent book relating to the second climbing attempt on Kangchenjunga, Paul Bauer's "Um dem Kantsch," which is a masterful *report*, succeeding emotionally as well as practically by virtue of its great simplicity and directness as well as by the superb quality of its illustrations. Had the Everest flyers controlled literary enthusiasm to the direct presentation of the flight and dictated a more thorough and acceptable format and typographic style, a more important book would have been added to the library of mountain experience, exploration, and bold adventure.

ANSKEL ADAMS

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GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF CALIFORNIA GEOLOGY⁸ This book is much more than a list of books; it is a thorough guide to the entire field of printed material relating to the geology and mineral resources of the State of California. The publications are listed in chronological sequence under the authors' names, and cross-indexed by subject-matter. This bibliographical work is the result of the indefatigable labors of Dr. Solon Shedd, of Stanford University. It is preceded by an extremely interesting summary of the history of geological exploration in California, written by Frank M. Anderson, of the California Academy of Sciences. The State Mineralogist, Walter W. Bradley, and the Chief Geologist, Olaf P. Jenkins, are to be congratulated upon the fine presentation of this valuable material. Those interested in geological aspects of the Sierra Nevada will not be disappointed when they turn to the index or look for such names as Muir, Le Conte, Whitney, Gilbert, and Matthes.

FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR

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USEFUL SKIING PRIMER⁹ Dr. Mosauer has been amazingly successful in packing into the compass of a "primer" such a clear exposition of the elements of Alpine skiing. The crisp descriptions are supplemented by many pen-and-ink drawings taken from motion pictures of the

⁸ *Bibliography of the Geology and Mineral Resources of California*. (To December 31, 1930.) By SOLON SHEDD. Bulletin No. 104, Division of Mines (Geologic Branch), Department of Natural Resources, State of California, San Francisco. 1933. xii+376 pages; illustrations. Price, \$2.00.

⁹ *On Skis Over the Mountains: An Illustrated Primer on Modern Alpine Skiing*. By DR. WALTER MOSAUER. With a foreword by ERNEST DAWSON, Vice-President of the Sierra Club. The Cloister Press, Hollywood. 1933. 83 pages; 11 plates. Price, 50 cents.

author himself in action, which portray well the rhythm of body action. The contents include notes on clothing, knapsacks, skis and bindings, poles, waxing the skis, walking and climbing, and the various turns and stops. The book can be cordially recommended to the enthusiastic and rapidly increasing number of Sierra Club members who have discovered that the Sierra Nevada is quite as inspiring and accessible in winter as in summer.

J. H. HILDEBRAND

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Story of Inyo.* Revised Edition. By W. A. CHALFANT. 1933. Pages, 430+vi. Price, \$3.00.
- Western American Alpines.* By IRA N. GABRIELSON. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1932. Pages, xviii+271. Illustrations. Price, \$3.50.
- The California Deserts.* By EDMUND C. JAEGER. Stanford University Press. 1933. Pages x+207. Illustrations. Price, \$2.00.
- Birds of Marin County.* By LAURA A. STEPHENS and CORNELIA C. PRINGLE. Audubon Association of the Pacific, San Francisco. 1933. Pages, 16. Price, 25 cents.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SIERRA CLUB

1892-1934



A.—THE SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

Publication No.	Vol.	No.	Date	Publication No.	Vol.	No.	Date
2*	I	1	January, 1893	39	VII	1	January, 1909
3*		2	June, 1893	40		2	June, 1909
6*		3	January, 1894	41		3	January, 1910
7*		4	May, 1894	42		4	June, 1910
9*		5	January, 1895	43	VIII	1	January, 1911
10*		6	May, 1895	44		2	June, 1911
11*		7	January, 1896	45		3	January, 1912
13*		8	May, 1896	46		4	June, 1912
14*	II	1	January, 1897	47	IX	1	January, 1913
15*		2	May, 1897	48		2	June, 1913
16*		3	January, 1898	49*		3	January, 1914
17*		4	June, 1898	50		4	January, 1915
18*		5	January, 1899	51	X	1	January, 1916
19*		6	June, 1899	52		2	January, 1917
20*	III	1	January, 1900	53		3	January, 1918
22*		2	May, 1900	54		4	January, 1919
23*		3	February, 1901	55	XI	1	January, 1920
24*		4	June, 1901	56		2	January, 1921
25*	IV	1	January, 1902	57*		3	1922
26*		2	June, 1902	58*		4	1923
28*		3	February, 1903	59	XII	1	1924
29*		4	June, 1903	60		2	1925
30*	V	1	January, 1904	61		3	1926
31*		2	June, 1904			4	1927
32*		3	January, 1905	XIII		1	1928
33*		4	June, 1905	XIV		1	1929
34	VI	1	January, 1906	XV		1	1930
35		2	January, 1907	XVI		1	1931
36		3	June, 1907	XVII		1	1932
37		4	January, 1908	XVIII		1	1933
38		5	June, 1908	XIX		3	1934

(Beginning with 1928, there has been one volume each year, comprising the magazine number and five other numbers corresponding to the bimonthly circulars formerly issued. The serial publication numbers were discontinued after No. 62. The magazine number is No. 1 of Volumes XIII to XVIII, and No. 3 of Volume XIX.)

* Out of print.

B.—OTHER PUBLICATIONS

Publica- tion No.	Title	
1*	Articles of Association, By-Laws, and List of Members.	1892
4*	Map of a Portion of the Sierra Nevada Adjacent to the Yosemite. (J. N. Le Conte.)	1893
5*	Map of a Portion of the Sierra Nevada Adjacent to the Kings River. (J. N. Le Conte.)	1893
8*	Table of Elevations within the Pacific Coast. (Mark B. Kerr and R. H. Chapman.)	1895
12*	Map of the Central Portion of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and of the Yosemite Valley. (J. N. Le Conte.)	1896
21*	Ramblings Through the High Sierra. By Joseph Le Conte. (Reprinted from S. C. B., 1900, III:1.)	1900
27*	A Flora of the South Fork of Kings River. By Alice Eastwood.	1903
62	Place Names of the High Sierra. By Francis P. Farquhar.	1926
	A Journal of Ramblings through the High Sierra of California by the University Excursion Party. By Joseph Le Conte. (Reprinted from the original published in 1875.)	1930

IN PREPARATION

Guide to the John Muir Trail. By Walter A. Starr, Jr.
With a Map of the Sierra Nevada.

1934

* Out of print.

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